

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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555

Cigarettes



At Christmas

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in the red velour box. 100 for 23/9

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AT HORNE BROTHERS

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(and every other member of the family) because they've decided to give THERMOS this year. Yes, to everyone! There's such a helpful selection (and price range!) . . . and the wonderful efficiency of THERMOS brand flasks, jugs, jars and bowls puts them high among the world's most appreciated gifts.

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14/9



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21/1



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30/4

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43/10



Just the thing for your outdoor-loving friends . . . big capacity 620 jar . . .



46/7

and for someone special (Uncle Tim, perhaps?) this brilliant new Thermos Jug (model 57)—now in the shops just in time for Christmas.



53/11

In bright red, opal and green, primrose and black, two-tone blue, two-tone green, daffodil and black, grey and maroon.



Special gifts from £5 Upwards

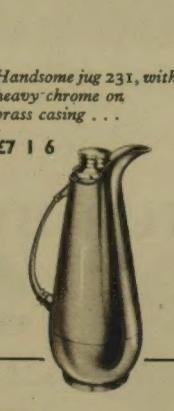
Handsome jug 231, with heavy chrome on brass casing . . .

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Pretty 34 jug, whose looks belie its generous capacity . . .

40/9



THERMOS

Christmas Gift Ideas

—ask at good stockists everywhere to see the range of over 40 flasks, jugs, jars and bowls.

TV tray set, excellent idea for keeping the coffee ready for the interval; complete with tray, bone china cups and saucers, jug and sugar bowl . . .

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SN 23

for those who like **CONTINENTAL coffee**

Specially for people who have acquired the taste for "high roast" coffee, here is Nescafé Blend 37. Allow a teaspoonful to each cup and add piping hot water. It is as simple as that to achieve perfect black coffee, for Nescafé Blend 37 dissolves instantly, giving the lively aroma and tangy flavour you enjoyed on the continent. Price 4/6 a tin.

BLEND
NESCAFÉ 37
 CONTINENTAL ROAST

DEFINITION OF A "GOOD COOK"

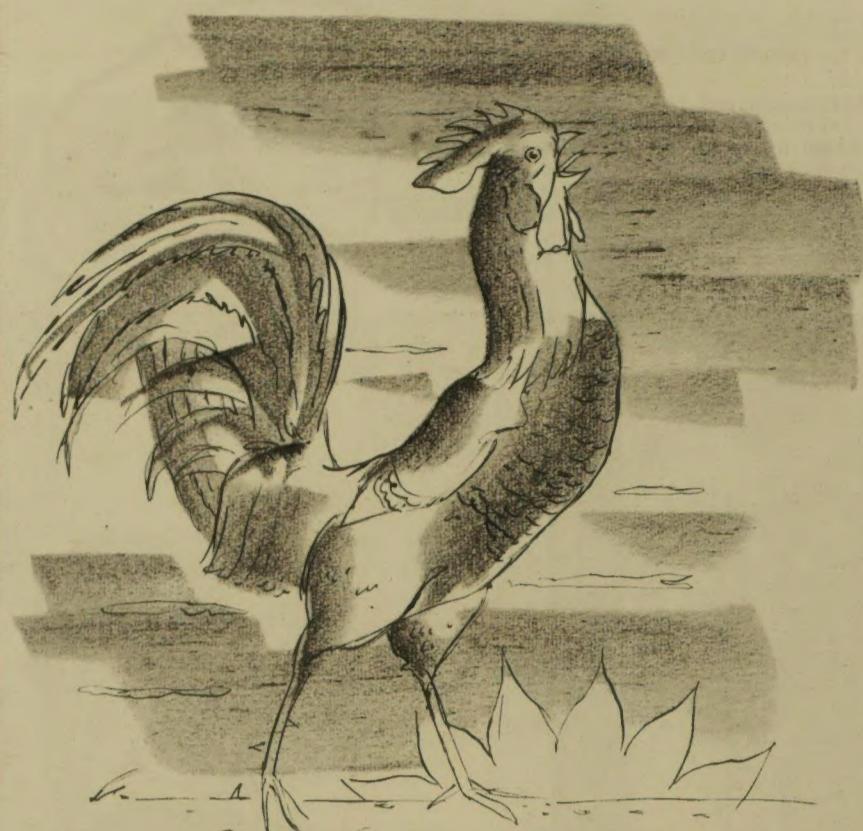
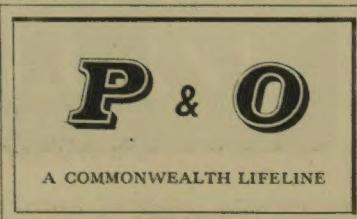


J. COX, Chef aboard the P & O ship, ARCADIA

REAL COOKS do most of their seasoning with imagination. Take lunch, for example. If you could whip up a tasty Turbot Cecilia; followed by Gnocchi Provencale and Steak Diane; supported by Terrine of Game; followed by Othello Fritters; and capped with Bel Paese or ripe Stilton—you might rate as a promising beginner. If you could provide eleven alternative courses for the same luncheon—you could call yourself a cook. If you could do the same thing three times a day for thirty odd days—catering separately for vegetarians, invalids and children—the title "good cook" would be yours.

But! If you could combine these talents with the management of ninety men; the control of storerooms, refrigerated chambers and service over hot presses; the supervision of a bakery, dairy and butcher's shop, you'd be—a genius! Indeed, you might well be J. Cox, Chef aboard the P & O ship, Arcadia... a Merlin of mealtimes... a man with 2,100 appetites for work. That's fame. For P & O is a Commonwealth lifeline.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.



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Pyrotenax
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are reliable and safe

This certainty of safety and long maintained efficiency with Pyrotenax Cables results from their unique construction—ductile copper cores embedded in pure mineral insulant, all firmly enclosed in a ductile seamless copper covering. Wholly inorganic, Pyrotenax cables are virtually indestructible. Moreover, they are inherently fire and corrosion resistant, immune to water, oil and condensation. Once installed they need no maintenance.

A non-technical description of 'Pyrotenax' is given in our booklet 'Current Carrying'. For the technical man 'Technical Data' is available—write for your copy.



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Power for Industry (below). To meet the increasing demands of British industries for electric power, the Central Electricity Authority is building more generating stations all over the country. Power output is already 95% greater than in 1948, and generating capacity should be nearly doubled again in ten years. ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplies turbo-alternator sets, transformers and other plant for many of the new power stations and switching stations; this picture shows the core and windings of a 7,500-kVA distribution transformer ready to be dried out in a vacuum oven before tanking in warm oil.

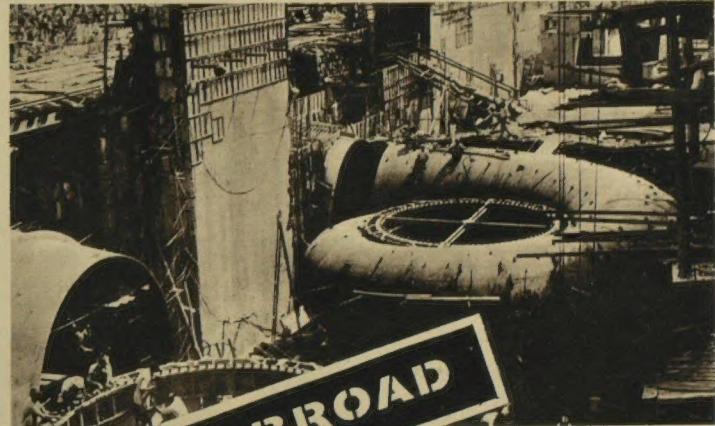


AT HOME

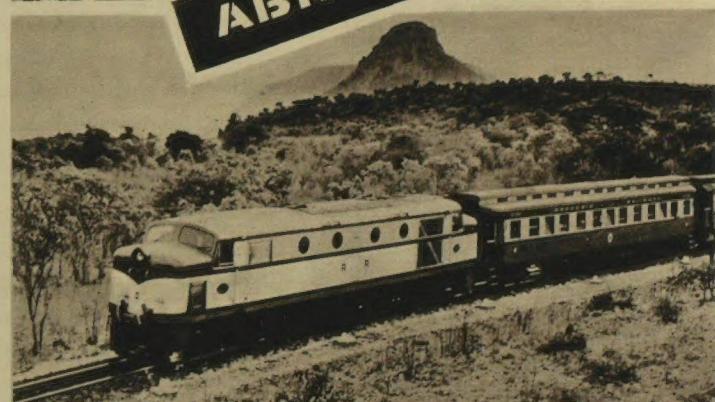


Power in Industry (above). ENGLISH ELECTRIC arc-welding equipment and electrodes are widely used in all industries engaged in metal fabrication, from heavy engineering works to agricultural engineers and garages. The picture shows a welder using ENGLISH ELECTRIC welding equipment on the hull of a ship.

In the New India (below). An important element in the Central Government's hydro-electric development scheme for India is the Hirakud Power Station, now being built, with two ENGLISH ELECTRIC 52,000-h.p., 150-r.p.m. water-turbine generating sets. The picture shows the spiral casings and speed rings during erection.



ABROAD



Currency from Overseas (above). Electric and diesel-electric locomotives and other railway equipment form an important element in ENGLISH ELECTRIC's export trade to all parts of the world. A big contract for twenty-three 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives has recently been completed for Rhodesia Railways. Here is one of them hauling the mail train between Salisbury and Umtali.

How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

THESE ARE challenging times for Britain. Great strides have been made since the war in rebuilding our economy. The problem is to maintain this progress.

From 1949 to 1955 our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our exports by 58%. British industry is busy, and actively developing—there are more jobs than workers. Our standard of living is high. But to ensure still better living for Britain, we need still higher production, still more activity in competitive export markets. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generating sets, transformers, switchgear and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which industry

uses this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for the world.

In addition, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; about half the Group's business is overseas, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important twofold contribution to Britain's economic progress.

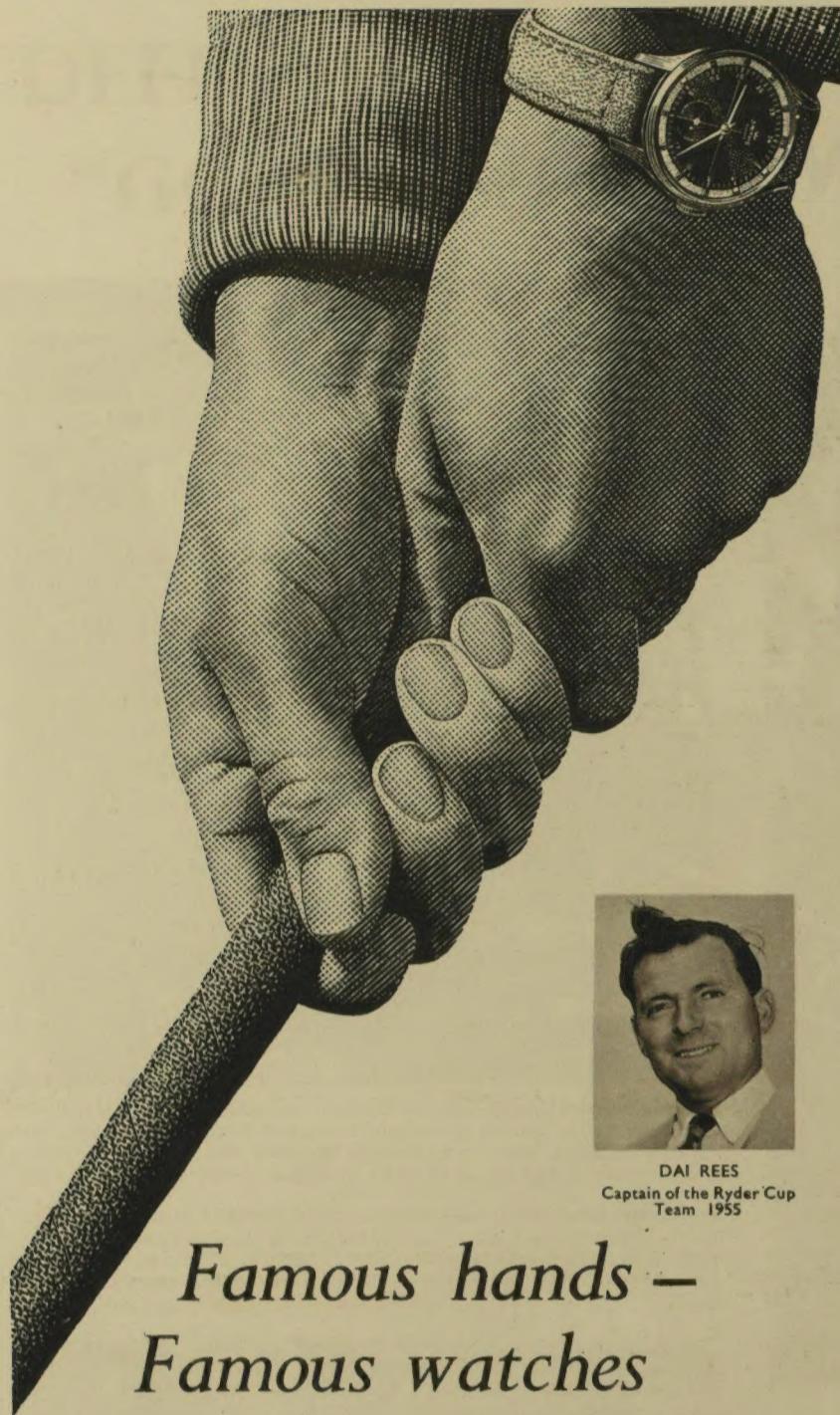
To young men and their parents

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department F.9.

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Information: ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (E.N.I.T.),
201 Regent St., London, W.1. Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Imperia.
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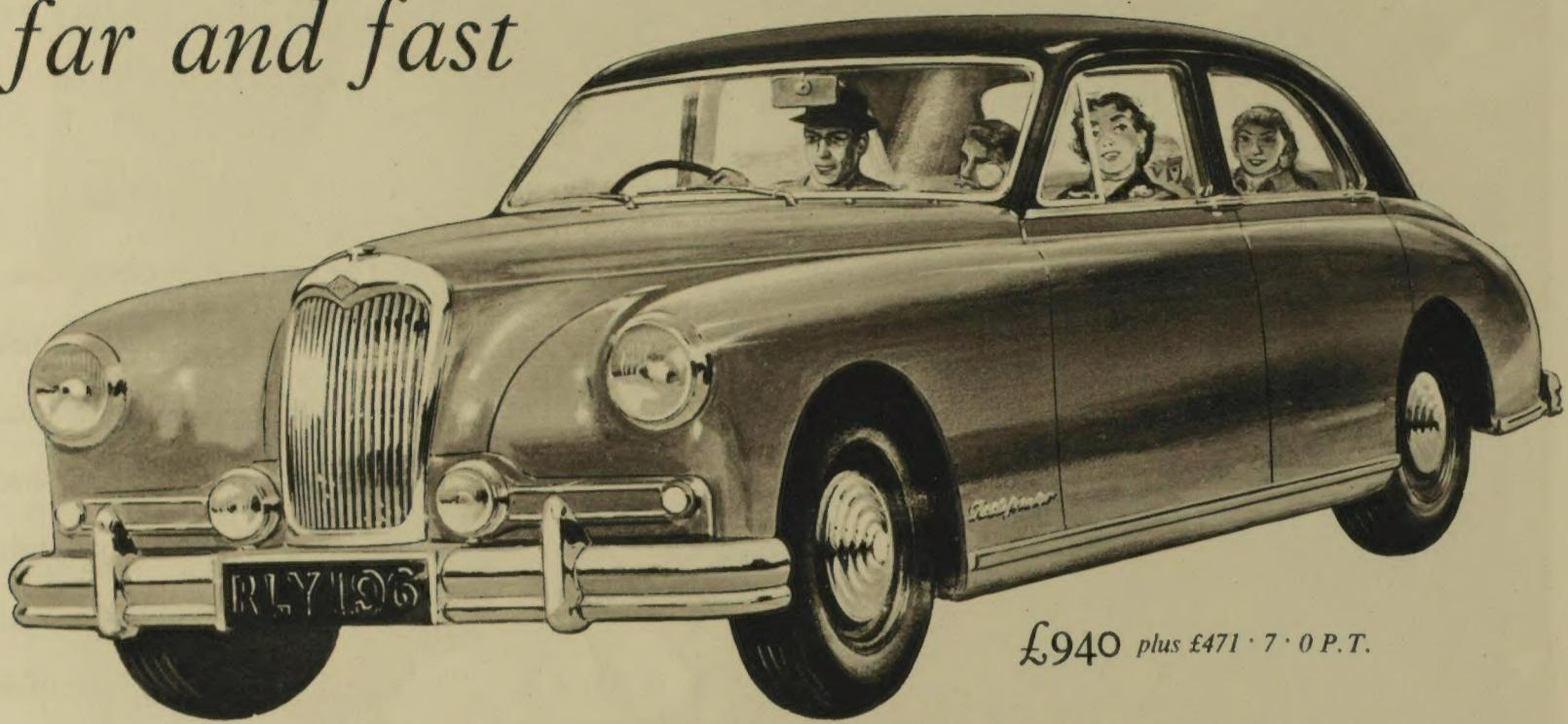




The seats are emptying fast.
 Nothing runs across the field now
 but the wind. Another great game
 is over and yet not quite over.
 For, warm in our chairs at home,
 we shall live it through again
 while the White Horse whisky
 glows softly in our glasses.



Go far and fast



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Here is the rich, rare comfort you have always desired. In this car you are completely relaxed. And let's admit it, one feels proud of the way the PATHFINDER is singled out and admired. But the worth of this car—the best of all Rileys—goes deeper than the sweeping grace of its brilliant styling. You must drive the Pathfinder. It is the only possible way to appreciate its performance. Visit your Riley Dealer and see for yourself what he means when he says "Riley for Magnificent Motoring"

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Ten Pipers piping



Nine Drummers drumming

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Seven Swans a swimming

Six Geese a laying



Five Gold rings



Four Colly birds

Three French hens



Two Turtle doves



and one hundred Player's
on a Christmas tree



Player's
Please

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1956.



MAX NAUTA

Chartwell Aug 1955

THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF OUR DAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., WHOSE 82ND BIRTHDAY FELL ON NOV. 30.

On the eve of Sir Winston Churchill's eighty-second birthday on November 30, the second volume of his new work, "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples," was published. This volume, which is called "The New World," and covers the events of the period between 1485 and 1688, is reviewed by Sir John Squire in this issue. The work is to be completed in four volumes. The striking

drawing of Sir Winston, shown above, is the work of the well-known Dutch artist, Mr. Max Nauta. It was the first sketch made by Mr. Nauta, at Chartwell in August last year, for his portrait of Sir Winston, which now hangs in the Netherlands Parliament. Mr. Nauta has presented his drawing, which is autographed by Sir Winston, to Princess Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most moving stories of our age—and a true one—is that of the French shepherd who, single-handed and unknown to the world, planted an oak and beech forest in a bare, waterless region of the Provençal hills and in the course of half a century transformed an almost unpopulated wilderness into a well-watered, tree-sheltered valley of meadows, thriving villages and crops. The story began shortly before the First World War when the French writer and Academician Jean Giono, then a young man, came during a solitary walking tour on a desolate and abandoned mountain village. Crossing a "barren and colourless land" where nothing grew but wild lavender, he camped, after three days' walking in the midst of what he described as unparalleled desolation. The clustered houses of the village, he wrote, "although in ruins, like an old wasps' nest, suggested that there must once have been a spring or a well here. There was, indeed, a spring, but it was dry. The five or six houses, roofless, gnawed by wind and rain, the tiny chapel with its crumbling steeple, stood about like the houses and chapels in living villages, but all life had vanished. It was a fine June day, brilliant with sunlight, but over this unsheltered land, high in the sky, the wind blew with unendurable ferocity. It growled over the carcasses of the houses like a lion disturbed at its meal. I had to move my camp."*

After five hours' further walking in that solitude of dry, coarse grass, during which he still failed to find water, young Giono saw what at first he took to be a solitary tree but which, on coming nearer, he found to be a shepherd. Around him, lying on the baking earth, were some thirty sheep. Later, the man, who unlike the few ill-kept, ill-tempered inhabitants of those desolate uplands, was cleanly shaven and wore carefully mended and well-cared-for clothes, took the traveller to his cottage—a former ruin that he had restored by his own efforts. Here Giono spent the night, for the nearest village—a miserable place of poverty-stricken charcoal-burners—was a day and a half's march away. His host, who lived alone with his dog, spoke little. After their meal of soup he fetched a sack, poured out a heap of acorns on the table and began to inspect them, one by one, with great concentration, separating the good from the bad. When he had selected a hundred perfect and uncracked acorns, he stopped and went to bed.

Next day Giono rested on the hillside above the valley where the shepherd was pasturing his sheep. Presently the man left his flock in charge of his dog and began to climb the hill towards him. He carried his sack of acorns and a thick iron rod. When he reached the top of the ridge he thrust the rod into the earth, making a hole in which he carefully planted an acorn, subsequently refilling the hole. "I asked him," Giono wrote, "if the land belonged to him. He answered no. Did he know whose it was? He did not. He supposed it was community property, or perhaps belonged to people who cared nothing about it. He was not interested in finding out whose it was. He planted his hundred acorns with the greatest care. After the midday meal he resumed his planting. I suppose I must have been fairly insistent in my questioning, for he answered me. For three years he had been planting trees in this wilderness. He had planted 100,000. Of the 100,000, 20,000 had sprouted. Of these 20,000 he still expected to lose about half, to rodents or to the unpredictable designs of Providence. There remained 10,000 oak trees to grow where nothing had grown before."

Later, Giono discovered from his silent, tree-planting host his name, which was Elzéard Bouffier, and a little of his history. He had formerly owned a farm in the lowlands, but, having lost his wife and only son, had retired into this solitude where he lived with his dog and sheep. "It was his opinion that this land was dying for want of trees. He added that, having no very pressing business of his own, he had resolved to remedy this state of affairs... I told him that in thirty years his 10,000 oaks would be magnificent. He answered quite simply that, if God granted him life, in thirty years he would have planted so many more that these 10,000 would be like a drop of

water in the ocean. Besides, he was now studying the reproduction of beech trees and had a nursery of seedlings grown from beechnuts near his cottage. The seedlings, which he had protected from his sheep with a wire fence, were very beautiful. He was also considering birches for the valleys where, he told me, there was a certain amount of moisture a few yards below the surface of the soil."

Next day Giono parted from his shepherd host. A year or two later the 1914-18 War broke out. When it was over, after five years' life as an infantryman, he set out on his demobilisation bonus on another walking-tour through the solitary Provençal hills. He had almost forgotten his tree-planting host, but as he neared the deserted village where he had vainly sought for water before the war, he saw in the distance "a sort of greyish mist" covering the

mountain slopes like a carpet. Bouffier, he found, was still alive, though he had got rid of his sheep because they threatened his young trees and substituted for them a hundred beehives, on whose produce he was living. "He told me (and I saw for myself) the war had disturbed him not at all. He had imperturbably continued to plant. The oaks of 1910 were then ten years old and taller than either of us. It was an impressive spectacle. I was literally speechless and, as he did not talk, we spent the whole day walking in silence through his forest. In three sections, it measured 11 kilometres in length and 3 kilometres at its greatest width. When you remembered that all this had sprung from the hands and the soul of this one man, without technical resources, you understand that men could be as effectual as God in realms other than that of destruction. He had pursued his plan, and beech trees as high as my shoulder, spreading out as far as the eye could reach, confirmed it. He showed me handsome clumps of birch planted five years before—that is, in 1915, when I had been fighting at Verdun. He had set them out in all the valleys where he had guessed—and rightly—that there was moisture almost at the surface of the ground. They were as delicate as young girls, and very well established.... As we went back towards the village I saw water flowing in brooks that had been dry since the memory of man."

"The wind, too, scattered seeds. As the water reappeared, so there reappeared willows, rushes, meadows, gardens, flowers.... But the transformation took place so gradually that it became part of the pattern without causing any astonishment." In 1935, fifteen years after Giono's second visit, a delegation from the French Government Forest Service came to examine the "natural forest" which had grown so mysteriously in this barren place. Soon afterwards it was placed under the protection of the State. And while the young trees continued to grow, Bouffier continued imperturbably to plant, until his death in 1947 at the age of eighty-nine, by which time he had transformed and revivified a whole neighbourhood. As Giono has written,

On the site of the ruins I had seen in 1913 now stand neat farms, cleanly plastered, testifying to a happy and comfortable life.

The old streams, fed by the rains and snows that the forest conserves, are flowing again. Their waters have been channelled. On each farm, in groves of maples, fountain pools overflow onto carpets of fresh mint. Little by little the villages have been rebuilt. People from the plains, where land is costly, have settled here, bringing youth, motion, the spirit of adventure.... Counting the former population, unrecognisable now that they live in comfort, more than 10,000 people owe their happiness to Elzéard Bouffier.

When I reflect that one man, armed only with his own physical and moral resources, was able to cause this land of Canaan to spring from the wasteland, I am convinced that, in spite of everything, humanity is admirable. But when I compute the unfailing greatness of spirit and the tenacity of benevolence that it must have taken to achieve this result, I am taken with an immense respect for that old and unlearned peasant who was able to complete a work worthy of God.

I can think of no achievement in our age by a single man outside the range of applied science comparable with this, except Churchill's in rallying the free world against tyranny and Hugh Trenchard's in creating the force which enabled Churchill in 1940 to save it. And theirs were achievements of war, that is, however great their necessity, negative achievements. Bouffier's was one of creation, unaided save by God. If ever a man qualified for the Nobel Peace Prize it was he.

THE ARRIVAL OF U.N. FORCES IN PORT SAID.

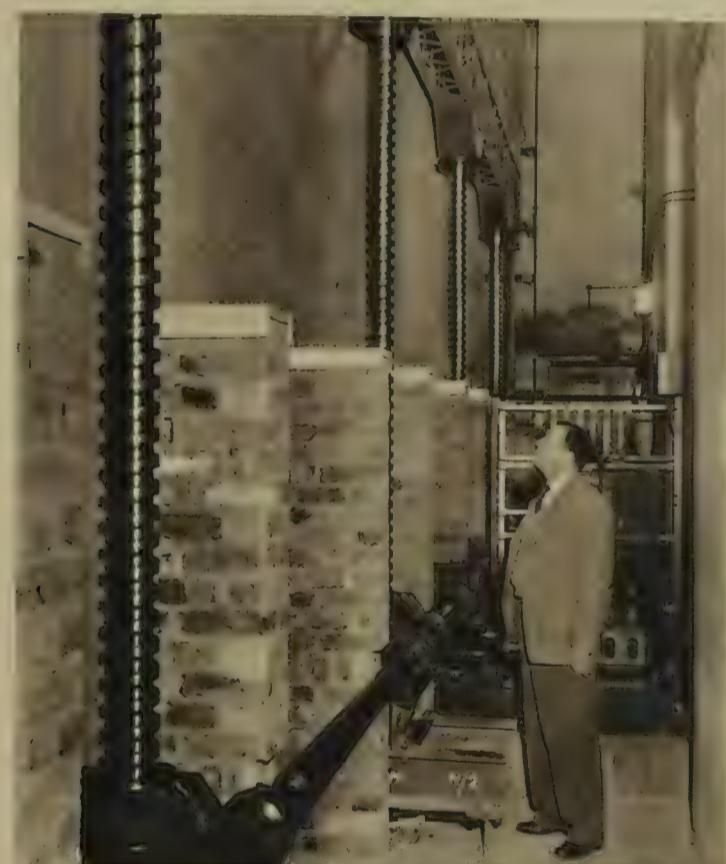


PERSONALLY ARRESTING THE LEADER OF THE EGYPTIAN MOB OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY STATION AT PORT SAID AT THE TIME OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE U.N. FORCE: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUGH STOCKWELL, THE ALLIED CORPS COMMANDER, DETAINING THE RINGLEADER.

The Norwegian company of the United Nations emergency force arrived in Port Said on the morning of November 21. An Allied communiqué said: "They detrained at Port Said station and marched to their camp, which had been organised for them by the British forces.... They were greeted by a number of Egyptian youths, who were being encouraged by some clearly-seen agitators to wave and shout for the benefit of the numerous cameramen who were present. Order was kept by the British troops and the crowd moved away at the same time as the United Nations company." Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, the Allied Corps Commander, personally arrested the leader of the Egyptian mob outside the railway station. General Stockwell took him to a jeep and handed him over to the military police.

OPENED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN:
THE NEW WING OF THE BALTIC EXCHANGE,
WITH ITS UNIQUE MOVING WALL.AN UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THE NEW WING OF THE BALTIC EXCHANGE:
THE "OCCASIONAL" WALL IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BANQUETING HALL SHOWING HOW THE MOVING WALL LIES FLUSH WITH THE FLOOR WHEN IN THE LOWERED POSITION.

MR. J. WINDRIDGE, THE SUPERVISING ENGINEER, LOOKING
AT ONE OF THE FIVE ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN JACKS USED TO
RAISE THE WALL.TESTING THE MOVING WALL, WHICH IS SAID TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND
IN THIS COUNTRY: MR. KENNETH LINDY, ONE OF THE ARCHITECTS.WATCHING THE MOVABLE DIVIDING WALL IN ACTION: HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN, WITH MR. R. TADMAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BALTIC, AND MEMBERS.BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY: MEMBERS OF THE BOARD
OF DIRECTORS OF THE BALTIC, AND THEIR WIVES.

On the evening of November 21 her Majesty the Queen opened the new wing of the Baltic Exchange in St. Mary Axe, London. The Queen's arrival was announced by the sounding of the Ceres bell at nine o'clock, and present at the ceremony were the members of the Exchange, their wives and distinguished guests. The Baltic Exchange, where every day transactions in cereals, worth millions of pounds, are made, had an unaccustomed appearance, being guarded for the occasion by the pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company, with their scarlet tunics, breast-plates and helmets. The Queen, who was wearing an evening dress of

apricot lace embroidered with gold thread, with the riband of the Garter and a diamond tiara, spoke in her address of the origins of the Exchange, of its continued expansion and of its proud tradition of honesty. On the Baltic, business is done by word of mouth alone, written contracts being completed later, after the parties concerned have left the building. The motto of the Exchange is, appropriately, "Our word is our bond." The Baltic, where cereals from all parts of the world are traded, owes its name to the eighteenth-century coffee-house where merchants trading with the Baltic ports used to gather to do their business.

**"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO!"—THE EVER
CHEERFUL BRITISH SOLDIER IN EGYPT.**



(Above.)
USED TO BRING IN
N.A.A.F.I. STORES
FROM ONE CAMP TO
ANOTHER: THE ARMY
DESIGNED AND MADE
ROCKIN' ROLL EX-
PRESS MANNED BY
MEMBERS OF THE
33RD PARACHUTE
FIELD REGIMENT.



WITH HIS RIFLE AT THE READY: A GUNNER ENJOYS
SOME SUCCESSFUL FISHING IN THE SWEET WATER CANAL.



IN THE SPORTS STADIUM: MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED SERVICES ENTERTAINMENTS
GIVING THEIR FIRST SHOW TO AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE IN PORT SAID.



A HAND OF CARDS WITH RIFLES AT HAND: MEN OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS
PLAYING A GAME OF CARDS IN THE SAND JUST OUTSIDE PORT SAID.



IN A DESERTED VILLAGE JUST BEHIND THE FRONT LINE: SOME BRITISH SOLDIERS
FIND TIME TO TEND TWO ABANDONED KIDS AND A PUPPY.

Since the cease-fire came into force at midnight on November 6 our forces in Port Said have been engaged in a struggle to provide normal amenities for the civil population, in getting shops and business houses open again, and in making provisions for the turning over of occupied territory to the United Nations emergency force. Despite keeping actively prepared for possible battle—should the Egyptians break the cease-fire—the troops have been called upon to perform all these duties. With their usual imperturbability and good humour our soldiers have kept cheerful in the face of many frustrations and



WRITING LETTERS HOME WHILE KEEPING ON THE ALERT: BRITISH SOLDIERS
IN TRENCHES FACING THE EGYPTIAN LINES SOUTH OF EL CAP.

difficulties. The photographs on this page show British troops both on and off duty in the Suez Canal area. Tending deserted animals in El Tina, playing cards, writing letters home or bringing in stores on the *Rockin' Roll Express* are all just part of the day's work for these cheerful soldiers who bear very little resemblance to the "brutal aggressors" of President Nasser's propaganda department. Whatever the future may hold, our forces in Egypt have the satisfaction of knowing that their job was well done and that their country is proud of them.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF PORT SAID HARBOUR, ON ABOUT NOVEMBER 18, LOOKING ACROSS THE WATER TO PORT FUAD. IN THE LEFT AND CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE PRINCIPAL GROUP OF WRECKS BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND THE CANAL STRETCHES INTO THE DISTANCE.



A DETAIL OF THE SAME VIEW, BUT FROM PORT FUAD. THE SEA LIES TO THE RIGHT. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE (LEFT) THE DREDGER PELUSE, WITH THE FUNNEL OF THE HOPPER NEPTUNE ASTERN; AND RIGHT, THE SALVAGE VESSEL POLLUX. BEHIND PELUSE A SALVAGE VESSEL AND THREE OTHER WRECKS.

THE BLOCKSHIPS OF PORT SAID: A PROBLEM WHICH THE ALLIED SALVAGE FORCE SOLVED WHILE POLITICIANS ARGUED.

Throughout the period of complicated negotiations between Mr. Hammarskjöld and Colonel Nasser as to who should clear the Suez Canal, when, and under what conditions, the Franco-British salvage force has been getting on with the job of clearing the most densely obstructed area of all—Port Said Harbour and the entrance to the actual Canal. In this area twenty-two ships—not twenty, as generally stated—ranging in size from big dredgers and floating cranes to tugs and hoppers, had been sunk, with greater or less effectiveness across or near the navigation channel. Admiralty divers and other salvage

workers and vessels have been at work continuously; and on November 19 it was announced that a 150-ton floating crane, the first major blockage at the harbour entrance, had been righted by the vessels *Barhill* and *Kingarth*, wrecks had been buoyed and the channel was already being used by ships as large as 4200 tons. On November 22 Mr. Butler stated in the Commons that by November 24 we should have cleared a channel of 25 ft. draught and 65 ft. beam allowing the passage of ships of 10,000 tons as far as the limit of the Allied occupation, that is to say, for about 35 kilometres of the Canal.

REFUGEES FROM THE SOVIET OPPRESSION IN HUNGARY: SCENES IN AUSTRIA AND BRITAIN.



ONE OF THE RECEPTION CENTRES FOR HUNGARIAN REFUGEES ARRIVING IN THIS COUNTRY: GRANGE FARM, CHIGWELL, ESSEX, SHOWING THE DINING-HALL AND REST-ROOMS.



DETERMINED TO GET ACROSS THE FRONTIER AT ALL COSTS: REFUGEES CROSSING A MAKESHIFT BRIDGE AT THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BORDER NEAR PAMHAGEN.



AT EISENSTADT, AUSTRIA: MASS BEING SAID FOR A CONGREGATION OF HUNGARIAN REFUGEES FROM A MOBILE CHAPEL SENT BY THE POPE FROM THE VATICAN.



AT A WELFARE CENTRE IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON: MEMBERS OF VOLUNTARY SERVICES DISTRIBUTING CLOTHES TO HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.



ARRIVING AT VICTORIA STATION ON NOVEMBER 19: SOME OF THE 240 REFUGEES WHO WERE SUBSEQUENTLY TAKEN BY COACH TO TWO HOSTELS.

There have been further appeals from Austria for speedy action in aid of the many thousands of Hungarian refugees who continue to pour across the frontier. At the time of writing, the total was reported to have reached 60,000, and the task of looking after them was beyond Austria's own resources. Many countries have already offered to give homes to refugees, including Britain, which at the present time is receiving them at the rate of 150 a day. Since 1945 some 650,000 refugees have come into Austria from the East,



BEING INTERVIEWED FOR EMPLOYMENT IN THIS COUNTRY: SOME OF THE REFUGEES AT GRANGE FARM, WHO HAVE ALSO HAD MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS.

but the present influx from Hungary is far more concentrated than at any earlier period. The condition of many of these refugees has been described as "catastrophic." Meanwhile, there has continued to be widespread response to the appeals in aid of the Hungarian refugees which have been launched in this country. The Lord Mayor of London's relief fund reached a total of over £400,000 in the first ten days, and large sums have already been allocated for immediate use by six relief organisations.



THEY DID NOT GET AWAY: A MOTHER AND CHILD IN BUDAPEST.

The tragedy of Hungary's capital is plainly written in the eyes of this young mother, standing with her child in her arms in one of the city's squares. She and her child are among the numberless thousands who did not get away. After a month of grim terror and uncertainty—during which vast sections of Budapest were destroyed and thousands of her citizens were killed, wounded and deported—she and her fellow-residents are left to face

the grim aftermath of a revolt that has been suppressed. They are the unfortunate victims of power politics far beyond their control. At this time sympathy will be of small comfort to them, but when the present horrors have been mitigated by the passing of time the brave people of Hungary may find some cause for hope in the realisation that their tragedy has aroused the deep feelings of most of the ordinary people of this world.

CHURCHILL ON THE FIRST ELIZABETHANS—AND AFTER.

"A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. Vol. II. THE NEW WORLD." By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" was written just before the outbreak of Hitler's War and its publication was delayed by that lamentable event. Thereafter he was busy with the War and, later, his History of the War, and it wasn't till April this year that the first volume of the present work came out of cold storage.

When that happened I mused, privately and in these pages, on the problems which Sir Winston would be compelled to face, in the light of the title of his book, and as the Speaking of English, in whatever variety or oddity of accents, became more and more widely spread. With that first volume no difficulty arose. It ended with the Battle of Bosworth, at which the Welsh usurper defeated the English usurper: and that battle was fought seven years before the brave and resolute Christopher Columbus, dazzled by the prospect of Oriental riches, stumbled upon outliers of the American Continent, the mainland of which had been reached, centuries before him, by adventurous Icelanders. The "Britains beyond the Seas" had not to be discussed because there weren't any. The period covered by this new volume—from 1485 to 1688—is another matter. Before it ended, Newfoundland, "our oldest Colony," had been acquired, with its cod-swarming Banks, the New England colonies had been founded, settled and given Governors, and Virginia (then vaguely extended beyond its present boundaries) had become a prosperous settlement of planters, while Jamaica was ours, and Barbados a prospectively profitable sugar island, whereto Cavalier prisoners-of-war could be remuneratively despatched as slaves. English was already spoken over a pretty wide area. Sir Winston does occasionally refer to this fact; he records the early expeditions to, and settlements in, America and he duly notices Pocahontas. But let nobody be deluded by the subtitle of his book, "The New World," into thinking that he is mainly, or even to a noticeable extent, concerned with America. His "New World" is not geographical—though he accords due space to the explorations—but intellectual.

The break with the Middle Ages, of which noble reminders still remain all over England, came with a rush. The beginnings of the Renaissance in Italy came long before any sort of Revival in this country—though Chaucer, a bridge between the Medieval and the modern, knew Italy and had close Italian links—and then the huge waves of destruction and reconstruction came sweeping over. Before the Americas were discovered there was the invention of printing, which, with its intrinsic propagandist power, has probably been a more disturbing (not necessarily always for the worse) influence on human history than any other invention in the long and troubled story of mankind. The Press was a tremendous new engine for the dissemination of knowledge, opinion and lies. Then came the discovery of the other "New World" which stirred so many adventurous souls to search for new knowledge as well as new riches: on the back of this book's jacket there is a Mercator Map which indicates what we now call "Antarctica" not as an Unknown Land or as a Hypothetical Land, but as "Terra Nondum Cognita"—a Land Not Yet Known, which indicates the Spirit of the Age. "Not yet": the challenge was recognised and they were willing to face it: as, in our own time, men, with, of course, immeasurably better equipment, have faced and overcome the difficulties of reaching both Poles, the top of Mount Everest, and the bottom of the sea, and are now quite seriously

projecting excursions to the Moon and the Planets. Minds as well as bodies adventured. A return was made to the foundations of the sciences which had been laid by Aristotle and other Greek observers and experimenters; they were returned to and building proceeded in all directions.

The new mental atmosphere permeates the whole of Sir Winston's volume: all else apart, it lay behind many of the fierce struggles of the time. Sir Winston is concerned with the history of what he calls "the Island," with glances, when necessary, at the other Island, from which, throughout these centuries, there is little that is not depressing to report. He has an immense amount of ground to cover, from the Tudor accession to William of Orange's landing at Torbay with a host mainly Dutch, Scandinavian and Prussian. There is the Reformation in England, at first a matter of the Royal Divorce and the Royal Supremacy, for Henry VIII professed himself orthodox in doctrine, and axe and faggot were used as freely against Protestant heretics as against non-conforming Catholics. The tangled history of the Reformation, with the fragmentation of sects to which, in this turbulent land, it inevitably led, is well sketched here,

a firm decision in terms of black and white is not possible.

At the beginning of the struggle there seemed a clear issue: despotism versus Parliamentary Government. It wasn't merely a question of Ship-Money: a perfectly legal imposition for a necessary object, which Cromwell afterwards was proud of achieving, and was resisted by the prig John Hampden. It was a matter of attitude and control: the day of personal rule was over. But, as usual in revolutionary times, the moderate liberal reformer, taking to violence, didn't know what he was letting himself in for. The Girondins in France went to the Guillotine. The Russian Liberals in the Duma ended in exile or before firing-squads. And the upper and upper-middle-class men who originally thought that revolution could be stopped half-way, found themselves ever more and more overwhelmed by what would now be called fanatics of "the Left."

It is as absurd to call that a war of Parliament against King as it is to describe our present conflict as one of People's Democracies against Capitalist Crocodiles and Wall Street Cannibals. Even at the start the King had great support in the House of Lords (which, *pace*

Mr. Silverman, is still a part of the Constitution) and a good deal in the House of Commons. As the conflict proceeded, and the power of the fanatical sectaries and theorists increased, the Parliamentary element dwindled: until at last Cromwell invaded the House of Commons with a platoon of soldiers and ordered the mace away: he disliked any sort of Parliament even more than Charles.

As for Cromwell, the Whig historian, with fixed ideas, used to gloss over his misdeeds. A powerful statesman, they said; a man who kept England's flag flying on the seas; a very great military leader. As much might be said for the Corsican Buonaparte, great genius, thief and murderer. Sir Winston, who is willing to face facts, records the vilest of Cromwell's crimes. There was Drogheda: "He therefore resolved upon a deed of 'frightfulness' deeply embarrassing to his nineteenth-century admirers and apologists.

Having unsuccessfully summoned the garrison to surrender, he breached the ramparts with his cannon, and at the third assault, which he led himself, stormed the town. There followed a massacre so all-effacing as to startle even the opinion of those fierce times. All were put to the sword. None escaped; every priest and friar was butchered. The corpses were carefully ransacked for valuables."

Cromwell reported to the President of the Council of State: "God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered, beating the Enemy from their defences. . . . Being thus entered, we refused them quarter: having the day before summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbados. . . . This hath been a marvellous great mercy."

It is an odd use of the word "mercy." There are moments when I wonder whether Cromwell and his Hitlerian gang had ever read the New Testament: though Cromwell did once use the oath "by the bowels of Christ."

Sir Winston, however, ploughs on his way: and wider issues will confront him in his next volume. Enough to say that he retains his old gifts of panoramic survey, and of respect for truth, and that his volumes should be put into the hands of any sons or grandsons whom we wish to be heartened.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 956 of this issue.

EUROPE

HABSBURG TERRITORIES ARE SHADED . . .

Map reproduced from "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples. Vol. II. The New World"; by courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Co. Ltd.



A MAP SHOWING EUROPE IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

though the horrors of the Dissolution of the Greater Monasteries are avoided. A clear portrait of the secretive and pitiless Henry VII, as obsessed with the continuance of his dynasty as Napoleon was to be later, emerges as the grim narrative goes on; and if Edward VI and poor, lonely Mary appear as "transient and embarrassed phantoms" there is no doubt about the brilliance of the picture of Queen Elizabeth, one of the most crafty and dexterous political tight-rope walkers in an age of such, and yet, when the great peril of the Armada was at hand, rising to a passionate proclamation of patriotic leadership in the great speech to the soldiers at Tilbury. It is one of Sir Winston's signal merits as a historian that, for all his sense of proportion, he never omits a heart-stirring speech or deed because it is familiar, or even an illuminating legend because it is popular.

The complicated reign of James I—it must be remembered that, during the whole of the seventeenth century the Scots, deeply divided amongst themselves, were a pest and a problem to the Government in England, where Episcopalian Scots monarchs were on the throne—is ably sketched, and then Sir Winston comes to the events which led up to the Great Rebellion, the Great Rebellion itself, the gloomy tyranny which succeeded it, and the reaction thereafter, with the population so wildly enthusiastic for Charles II that he pleasantly remarked that he couldn't conceive why he had been so long in exile. Here, though he clearly narrates the events of the wandering war, he is as shackled by the inexorable course of events as any honest historian must be:

REFUGEES FROM HUNGARY: ESCAPING ACROSS THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.



RUNNING THE LAST FEW YARDS TO FREEDOM: A GROUP OF HUNGARIAN REFUGEES CROSSING THE AUSTRIAN BORDER NEAR LAKE NEUSIEDLER.



SCRAMBLING OVER A BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE RUSSIANS: REFUGEES, HOLDING THEIR PITIFULLY FEW POSSESSIONS, WAITING TO CROSS INTO AUSTRIA.



CARRYING A CHILD ON AN IMPROVISED STRETCHER: A FAMILY GROUP ENTER AUSTRIA AFTER THEIR LONG MARCH TO THE FRONTIER.



COMING ASHORE AFTER CROSSING A CANAL ON THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BORDER: SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE ABLE TO FIND A BOAT TO TAKE THEM ACROSS.



WARMLY WRAPPED AGAINST THE BITTER WEATHER: A BABY IS HANDLED OUT OF A BOAT AFTER CROSSING THE CANAL AT ANDAU.



SAFE BUT ALONE: THE HUSBANDS OF THESE TWO WOMEN HAD BEEN SEIZED BY THE RUSSIANS JUST BEFORE THEY REACHED THE FRONTIER.



EXHAUSTED BUT SAFE: A GROUP OF REFUGEES REST AFTER CROSSING THE FRONTIER. AN AUSTRIAN FLAG, MARKING THE FRONTIER, IS SEEN JUST BEHIND THEM.

Despite the sudden onset of winter and the active efforts of Russian troops to stop them, thousands of Hungarian refugees continue to pour across the frontier into Austria. On November 21 the Russians blew up a bridge at Andau, near Lake Neusiedler, by which thousands had already crossed the canal dividing Hungary from Austria. But the refugees continued to stream across at this point, where most of these photographs were taken. Those unable to find room in the few small boats available swam or waded across, despite

the bitterly cold weather. On November 23 a Soviet soldier was shot dead and another arrested by Austrian border police in the village of Rechnitz, inside Austria. These soldiers were among those trying to prevent the refugees getting across the frontier. There have been reports that refugees have been shot down or seized when approaching the frontier. Because of the increasing difficulties facing the Austrian authorities the British Government have decided to waive the limit of 2500 Hungarian refugees allowed to enter Britain.

WHEN Britain and France assembled forces in the Mediterranean last summer their object was to preserve the international status of the Suez Canal, endangered by the Egyptian action in "nationalising" it. This action and this danger were brought about by the hasty action of the United States respecting the Aswan Dam, to which Britain conformed. When Britain and France took forcible action against Egypt their avowed object was to prevent a general war in the Middle East. These two aims have been inextricably confused. Moreover, in the action of the United Nations to solve the problem created by the Anglo-French intervention, the earlier

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE CANAL—A PHASE OF FRUSTRATION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

access to so little of it. Moreover, Mr. Hammarskjöld, an able, hard-working and high-minded man, who has nevertheless a record of failure and misguided optimism in the Middle East behind him, has, at the time of writing, laid it down that work on unblocking the Canal must be held up until an Anglo-French and Israeli withdrawal has taken place.

On top of this delay, Mr. Hammarskjöld proposes to prescribe a second: that the clearance shall be done by private enterprise through firms belonging to countries outside the present conflict. He does qualify this provision to the extent of saying that such firms might perhaps be allowed to subcontract with firms of countries which are concerned. Meanwhile, a British salvage fleet has been available and could already have done a great deal of invaluable work had it been allowed to. It is like refusing to be saved from drowning by a man whose politics you object to, except that neither Mr. Hammarskjöld nor the United States are among the chief sufferers. We are.

Parallel with Mr. Hammarskjöld's efforts, the General Assembly demanded the immediate withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces before the first corporal's guard of the United Nations force could reach the scene. It is true that a token force has appeared with remarkable promptitude, but any credit for this goes rather to the countries which have provided the advance guard rather than to the United Nations. As I write, nothing has been announced or is apparently known about when this force is to take over, where it is to be stationed. Perhaps information on these points will have been issued by the time what I write is read. If so, it will certainly be welcome.

The war between Egypt and Israel has been brought to an end. A larger-scale conflict in which the whole of the Middle-Eastern Arab world might have

been involved has certainly been postponed and probably rendered less likely. In these circumstances the first aim of Britain and France—that of preserving the international status of the Suez Canal and preventing the robbery of its funds by the bankrupt dictator of Egypt—ought to have come once more into the foreground.

We see little signs of its having done so. Spokesmen of the British Government have scarcely mentioned it. The United Nations is little concerned by it. Behind the scenes something is doubtless going on. But this is a matter which a few months ago was described by members of the British Government as one of life or death for this nation. If it was then, it is now.

If this ideal is attained, all the bitter controversies which have been aroused since last August will soon subside. If it is not, they will be kept alive and, far worse, the economic future of our country will be left at the mercy of the whim of a notoriously unreliable State. To hope for any preliminary assurance on this all-important point from the United Nations appears unavailing. Is it too much to hope that the United States, which at the moment exercises an unexampled influence, can be brought to realise how much this matter means for her best, most resolute and most faithful ally? On the surface the prospects are not good, but that is not to say that they are dead. I cannot write further now about the effects of the controversy on world strategy and politics, but hope to be able to do so later on. Here I will add only that the future of N.A.T.O. is not so bright that it can afford more setbacks.

It will not suffice for the British Government to claim that it has prevented a war in the Middle East and must now bow to the demand of the United Nations for the withdrawal of its forces without having received any guarantee about the future of the Canal, or any sign that the first of the two aims set out above will be achieved. If it should feel itself compelled to do this, the whole venture must be accounted a failure on balance. The Opposition at home and critics abroad have already declared this to be the case. The Government has strongly denied it. If, however, it now yields on this point, whether the yielding be inevitable or unnecessary, neither its own supporters nor anyone else will admit its claim. The triumph will be Colonel Nasser's.

The road is hard. The Government has cause to complain of having been traduced and misrepresented at home and abroad and of having been subjected to unfair pressure. Yet this is what happens to Governments when they stand up for themselves nowadays. We ventured on a bold stroke. If this proves a failure, there will be no advantage or comfort in proclaiming that we failed because the world misunderstood us or because the supreme referee had been got at.



BEFORE LEAVING NEW YORK FOR EGYPT: MAJOR-GENERAL BURNS CONFERS WITH MR. RALPH BUNCHE, WHO IS CONCERNED WITH ORGANISING THE UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY FORCE.

On November 22 Major-General Burns, the United Nations "chief policeman" in the Middle East, arrived at Abu Sueir airport, in Egypt, to take over direct command of the Emergency Force. He had flown via Rome from New York, where he had held talks with officials of Mr. Hammarskjöld's office. Mr. Ralph Bunche, an Under-Secretary of the United Nations since 1954, has been appointed by the U.N. Secretary-General to expedite the organisation of the Emergency Force.

Anglo-French aim has been pushed into the background, almost forgotten. Yet it was as important as the later aim: in the long run even more so.

It was not inevitable that this confusion should have continued. The two Anglo-French aims might, in fact, have been to a considerable extent combined, and at the same time the clearance of the waterway might have been begun almost immediately. After the landing forces had secured Port Said all was ready for an advance along the Canal. All the evidence is to the effect that it was merely a question of motoring. Forty-eight hours is the military estimate of the time required to reach Suez. Supposing forty-eight hours to have been too long, it would have been of great value if the force had gone as far as Ismailia, headquarters of the Canal and an important centre of communications. What actually happened was a dead stop immediately after the cease-fire at Port Said.

Three reasons have been advanced for this. They do not necessarily conflict with one another and might have been concomitant. They are a sudden loss of nerve within the British Government brought about by Russian threats, a desire to appease the United Nations, and pressure from within the Conservative Party. The first looks the most probable. It is true that the Russian attitude was such that alerts occurred and fleets put to sea. Yet these were natural precautions not amounting to a confirmation of imminent danger. The thing smelt of bluff. And it is hard to believe that the danger would have been increased by a few hours' drive southward on the part of the Anglo-French forces. It is no less unlikely that public opinion would a fortnight later have distinguished the occupation of Ismailia from the landing.

The result of the sudden halt was that the Allied forces were left holding a trifling length of the Canal and that they have been mocked at on the ground that their might accomplished so much less than the forces of Israel. They have not been able to do much in the way of clearing the Canal for the very good reason that they have



AT A DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR BY THE PILGRIMS OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. SELWYN LLOYD, WITH (LEFT) MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN AND (RIGHT) MR. HUGH BULLOCK.

On November 20 the Pilgrims of the United States gave a dinner in New York in honour of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, who is seen above with Mr. Harriman, Governor of New York, and Mr. Bullock, President of the Pilgrims. Mr. Lloyd spoke of the Middle East crisis, and said that, in spite of disagreement on British actions there, a situation of great opportunity had been created.

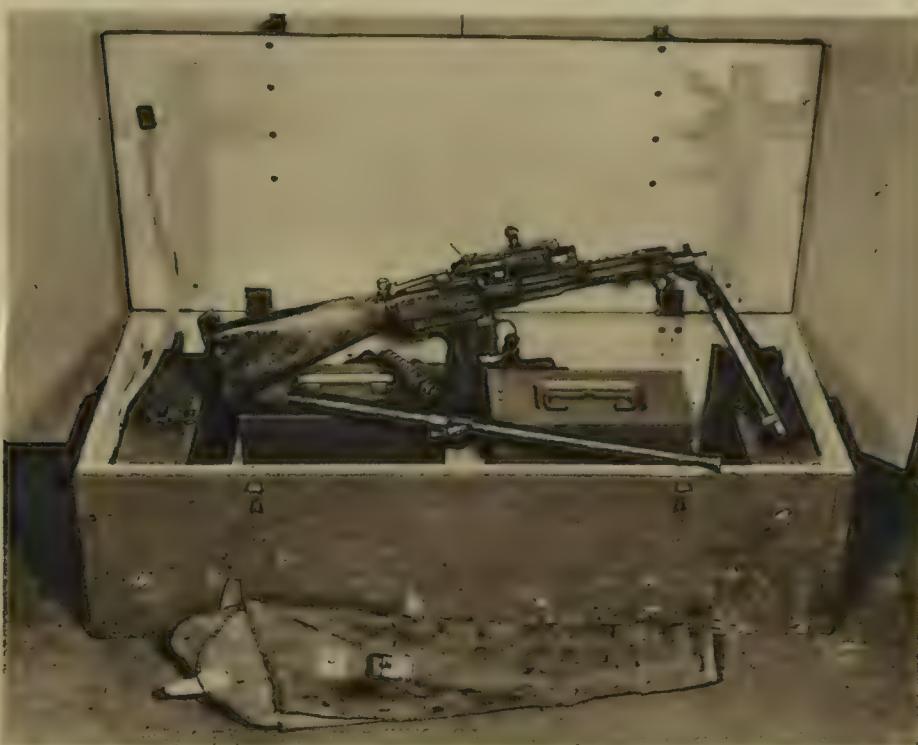
TAKEN IN EGYPT BY BRITISH AND ISRAEL FORCES:
NEW RUSSIAN AND CZECH INFANTRY WEAPONS.



RUSSIAN WEAPONS SUPPLIED TO EGYPT AND CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH ARMY AT PORT SAID:
A LIGHT MACHINE-GUN WITH 100-ROUND BELT IN MAGAZINE AND A TEN-ROUND SEMI-AUTOMATIC CARBINE—
BOTH 7.62 MM.



BRAND NEW RUSSIAN LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS, STILL IN THEIR ORIGINAL GREASE AND CASES. THESE ARE OF A NEW PATTERN.



A CZECH 7.62 MM. LIGHT MACHINE-GUN, STILL IN ITS ORIGINAL GREASE.
THIS IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRNO WORKS AND IS A DERIVATIVE OF THE BREN.



THE CZECH 7.62 MM. LIGHT MACHINE-GUN ASSEMBLED. THIS MODEL USES EITHER THE NORMAL BREN-TYPE MAGAZINE OR CAN, AS SHOWN, BE BELT-FED.



A CZECH RECOILLESS ANTI-TANK WEAPON: A WHEELED SMOOTH-BORE 82 MM. LIGHT GUN WHICH CAN BE EASILY TOWED BY HAND—LIKE A LARGE INFANTRY ROCKET-LAUNCHER.

Some of the weapons taken from the Egyptians by British forces in recent operations in the Port Said area were shown at the War Office on November 19; and we reproduce photographs of some of the more interesting, together with a similar example captured by the Israeli forces. Most of the weapons were brand new and, indeed, still unpacked and in their original grease and cases. Two of those shown are new Russian types: a light machine-gun (7.62 mm.) with a 100-round belt within a magazine; and a ten-round semi-automatic



THE RUSSIAN SEMI-AUTOMATIC 7.62 MM. CARBINE (WHICH IS ALSO SHOWN IN THE TOP LEFT PICTURE). IT IS HERE BEING DISPLAYED AT TEL AVIV, AMONG THE ISRAELI BOOTY WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM THE EGYPTIANS.

carbine, with an incorporated bayonet. Both of these are so new that none of the European satellite armies has yet received them; and both of them fire a new short rimless round. The other two types shown are of Czech origin: a light machine-gun of 7.62 mm. calibre and a product of the Brno works. It is a relation of the Bren, but can be either magazine- or belt-fed. Perhaps the most interesting novelty, however, is the Czech recoilless anti-tank weapon, which can be trundled on a pair of small wheels. This has a 82 mm. calibre.



BRITISH FROGMEN RECOVERING EGYPTIAN ARMS WHICH HAD BEEN DUMPED IN THE BASIN INDUSTRIELLE AT PORT SAID. FOR THE MOST PART THESE WERE SMALL ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF VARIOUS KINDS AND SOURCES.

PORT SAID AND THE CANAL: U.N. TROOPS AND THE FIRST BRITISH WITHDRAWAL.



NORWEGIAN TROOPS OF THE U.N. FORCE ENTERING PORT SAID, TO NOISY DEMONSTRATIONS BY EGYPTIAN YOUTHS. BRITISH TROOPS RESTORED ORDER.



BRITISH TROOPS GREETING BLUE-HELMETED NORWEGIAN INFANTRYMEN. THE NORWEGIANS WERE THE FIRST U.N. FORCES TO ENTER ALLIED TERRITORY.

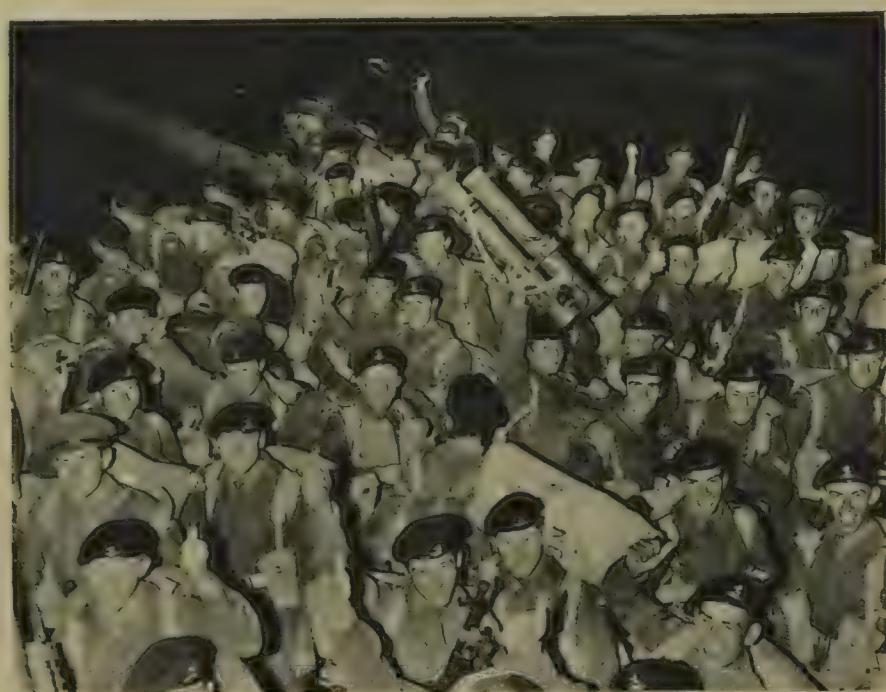


LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUGH STOCKWELL, C-IN-C., BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT (LEFT), TALKING WITH NORWEGIAN SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST U.N. DETACHMENT.



NORWEGIAN INFANTRYMEN, EN ROUTE FOR PORT SAID, WAVE IN SYMPATHY TO THE NORWEGIAN TANKER ELI KNUDSEN, TRAPPED IN THE CANAL BY EGYPTIAN SABOTAGE.

On November 25 the Anglo-French salvage group fulfilled their pledge of clearing a channel for ships of 10,000 tons through Port Said harbour and the full extent of the canal as far as El Cap. The same day saw a meeting in Port Said between General Burns, commanding the U.N. forces, and the Allied commanders, General Keightley and his deputy Admiral Barjot, and Generals Stockwell and Beaupré, the English and French commanders of the forces in Egypt. It is understood that the discussions were concerned with the



THE FIRST BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM PORT SAID: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1ST BN., THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT EMBARKING IN THE TROOPSHIP DILWARA, EN ROUTE FOR CYPRUS.

administrative problems of the take-over. By this time the United Nations emergency force was believed to be about 1250 strong. A Yugoslav reconnaissance battalion, 700 strong, was expected to reach Port Said by about Nov. 29. In the meanwhile the air lift of U.N. troops from Naples had been taken over by the Royal Canadian Air Force. By Nov. 25 about 160 Canadians were already in Egypt. Colonel Nasser registered a protest against the employment of the Queen's Own Rifles, on the grounds of their title.

THE WESTERN UGANDA RAILWAY EXTENSION.



LEAVING KAMPALA: THE INAUGURAL TRAIN ABOUT TO START ON THE 208-MILE JOURNEY TO KASESE ON THE NEWLY-OPENED RAILWAY EXTENSION.



AT THE OPENING CEREMONY: SIR ANDREW COHEN, GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, TIGHTENING THE SPECIAL COPPER FISHPLATES HOLDING THE LAST LENGTH OF RAIL.



AT KASESE STATION: THE OMUKAMA OF TORO, WHO FORMALLY NAMED THE LOCOMOTIVE BATORO, SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. C. T. HENFREY.

At a ceremony at Kasese, Uganda, on November 23 the Governor of Uganda, Sir Andrew Cohen, ceremonially opened the western extension of the Uganda railway running from Kampala to Kasese. With the assistance of the Chief Engineer, East African Railways and Harbours, Mr. C. T. Henfrey, Sir Andrew tightened up the plates holding the last length of rail. The last plates and bolts were made of Kilembe copper, signifying the economic importance between the railway extension and the development of the Kilembe Mines. During the ceremony at Kasese Station the Omukama of Toro pulled aside the Union Flag on the locomotive to reveal the name of the engine as *Batoro*, which is the name of the tribe of which the Omukama is head. The opening marked the end of six years' difficult planning and construction work which cost £5,200,000, and the completion of the Way to the West just sixty years after the beginning of work on the line at Mombasa, then a small port on the east coast of Africa.

10,000 PEOPLE SEARCH FOR A LOST CHILD.

ON Sunday, November 25, civilian volunteers—estimated by the police to number between 10,000 and 12,000—responded to an appeal to help in the search for a three-year-old boy, Boyd Fearon, who disappeared from his home at Romford on November 15. The volunteers, who included scouts, guides, sea cadets, members of the Air Training Corps and the Army and R.A.F., split up into groups and, led by policemen, combed twenty square miles of Epping Forest and Ongar Wood, Essex, for three hours, but found no traces of the missing boy. On the following day, November 26, the boy was found drowned in the River Rom, less than a quarter of a mile from his home, by two policemen. It was the sixth time that the police had searched the river. A report by the police stated that they were satisfied that there was no foul play.



COMBING EPPING FOREST FOR THE MISSING BOY: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF VOLUNTEER SEARCHERS MOVING OFF AT THE SOUND OF A WHISTLE.



WEARING LEATHER JERKINS AND RUBBER BOOTS: MEN OF THE R.A.F. SEARCHING THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH IN ONGAR PARK WOOD.



MOVING OFF FROM THE WAKE ARMS, EPPING: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS WHO ASSISTED THE POLICE IN THEIR SEARCH. ON THE NEXT DAY THE MISSING BOY WAS FOUND DROWNED.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED LONDON AIRPORT COMMANDANT: MR. G. J. H. JEFFS. The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation has announced the appointment of Mr. G. J. H. Jeffs as Commandant of London Airport, in succession to Air Marshal Sir John d'Albiac. Mr. Jeffs, who has been Airport Commandant at Prestwick since 1950, is an expert on air traffic control. After many years of air traffic control experience he served in the R.A.F. during the last war.



A LEADING ITALIAN CONDUCTOR KILLED: SIGNOR CANTELLI. Signor Guido Cantelli, who had just been appointed conductor to La Scala, was killed in an aircraft accident near Paris on November 24. Signor Cantelli, who was aged thirty-six, had already had a brilliant career as a conductor, and his early death is a severe loss to the musical world. He first came to this country for the Edinburgh Festival of 1950.



A GREAT PHYSICIAN: THE LATE SIR LIONEL WHITBY. Sir Lionel Whitby, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge since 1945, and Master of Downing College, died in hospital in London on November 24 at the age of sixty-one. He was particularly well known for his services as a consultant on blood-transfusions and resuscitation during the last war and for his pioneer work on the sulphonamide drugs.



THE LATE LORD MERSEY: SOLDIER, TRAVELLER AND DIPLOMAT. Lord Mersey, who died on November 20 aged eighty-four, was a soldier, diplomat and traveller in his early life, and had been a Deputy Speaker in the House of Lords since 1933. He succeeded his father as second Viscount in 1929. As well as holding a number of public positions, he was the author of several books, including "The Prime Ministers of Britain."



NEW LEADER OF THE UNITED PARTY: SIR DE VILLIERS GRAAFF. Sir de Villiers Graaff was elected leader of the United Party in South Africa, by the Union Congress of the party in Bloemfontein on November 21. Sir de Villiers, who is forty-three, replaces Mr. Strauss, who took over the leadership on the death of General Smuts and has lately been suffering from prolonged illness. The new leader has been a member of the Union Parliament since 1948.



THE FIRST WOMAN RECORDER: MISS ROSE HEILBORN.

Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Burnley, it was announced by the Lord Chancellor's Office on Nov. 26. It is the first time a woman has been appointed a Recorder. Miss Heilbron was called to the Bar in 1939, took Silk in 1949 and has appeared in many notable trials. Miss Heilbron is the wife of Dr. Nathaniel Burstein; they have one daughter.



FORMALLY HANDING OVER THE SUPREME COMMAND OF THE ALLIED POWERS IN EUROPE TO GENERAL NORSTAD (RIGHT): GENERAL GRUENTHER, WITH F.M. LORD MONTGOMERY (LEFT). At a ceremony at the Supreme Headquarters in Paris of the Allied Powers in Europe General Norstad formally took over the post of Supreme Commander from General Gruenther, who left for the United States in his personal Constellation aircraft the following day. General Norstad said that recent events had confirmed his opinion that N.A.T.O. was more important than ever. Present at the ceremony was Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, the Deputy Supreme Commander.



A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR DIES: MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, who was best known as a cinema actor, died in hospital in New York at the age of fifty-three on November 19. Mr. Sullivan acted in the West End, starting with his appearance in 1931 in "Black Coffee," and in New York. He became an American citizen. Particularly memorable were his performances in the films "Great Expectations" and "Oliver Twist."



LABOUR RESIGNATION FROM PARLIAMENT:

MR. STANLEY EVANS.

Mr. Stanley Evans, M.P. for Wednesbury since 1945, has resigned from the House of Commons, applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, after a conflict with his constituency party over his attitude to the Suez crisis. Mr. Evans had been in disagreement with the Parliamentary Labour Party's strong opposition to the Government's actions over Suez. He has complied with his constituency party's demand for his resignation.



LEAVING FOR JAMAICA TO RECOVER FROM SEVERE OVERSTRAIN: THE PRIME MINISTER AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH LADY EDEN. On November 23 the Prime Minister, with Lady Eden, left London Airport for Jamaica, where he is to spend three weeks recuperating from severe overstrain. Sir Anthony said he had been assured that on his return he would be fully recovered and ready to resume his duties at once.



A DISTINGUISHED M.P.:

THE LATE SIR R. HOPKIN MORRIS.

Sir Rhys Hopkin Morris, Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means since 1951, died at his home in Kent on November 22 at the age of sixty-eight. He frequently acted as Speaker of the House of Commons, and had been Liberal M.P. for Carmarthen since 1945. He was called to the Bar in 1919 and from 1923-32 he represented Cardigan as an Independent Liberal. In 1936 he became B.B.C. Regional Director for Wales.

THE ROVING CAMERA
IN MANY COUNTRIES.

AFTER ESCAPING FROM HUNGARY: A HUNGARIAN PRIMA BALLERINA, WITH HER HUSBAND.

On November 21 Vera Pasztor, a *Prima Ballerina* of Hungary, escaped with her husband and partner, Ernest Vashegyi, from Hungary into Austria. They decided to leave the country after the Russians had arrested M. Vashegyi, who later escaped.



COMMEMORATING A "YEAR OF CULTURE": A NEW SERIES OF RUMANIAN STAMPS, OF SIX DENOMINATIONS, WHICH HAVE BEEN ISSUED RECENTLY.

STATE OCCASIONS IN MOROCCO AND SIAM.



AN UNUSUAL BIRTH: THE BABY WHICH SURVIVED A WEEK'S "HIBERNATION."

On November 18 a baby son was born to Mrs. Ellen Moore, of Wallsend, who was unconscious for 169 days following a street accident. During her pregnancy, the injured mother was put into a state of "hibernation," at about 85 degs. Fahrenheit, for one week.

THE FOURTH OF ITS CLASS TO BE LAUNCHED IN THE LAST THREE YEARS: THE NEW LINER SYLVANIA. On November 22 the liner *Sylvania* was launched at Clydebank. She is the fourth vessel of similar size to be launched by the John Brown Company for Cunard's Canadian service within 33 months, and this was described as an achievement "of which any yard in the world might feel justifiably proud."

IN SERVICE WITH THE R.A.F. IN GERMANY: THE SWIFT, ONE OF THE FASTEST FIGHTER AND RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT, SEEN IN A VERTICAL CLIMB.



LAUNCHED AT BELFAST: THE TANKER STORFONN, BUILT BY HARLAND AND WOLFF LTD.

On November 20, at their Belfast shipyard, Harland and Wolff Ltd. launched the new tanker *Storfonn*, which is of about 34,900 tons deadweight, the third which they have built for the Norwegian firm Sigval Bergesen of Stavanger. The firm are to build three further vessels for these owners.



AT CASABLANCA ON NOVEMBER 17: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO (CENTRE) IN A PARADE CELEBRATING THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS RETURN TO THE THRONE.



DURING HIS FIFTEEN DAYS AS A BUDDHIST MONK: (RIGHT) THE KING OF SIAM, WITH HIS HEAD SHAVEN, AND (LEFT) HIS QUEEN, WHO BECAME REGENT DURING THE KING'S PERIOD OF SECLUSION.

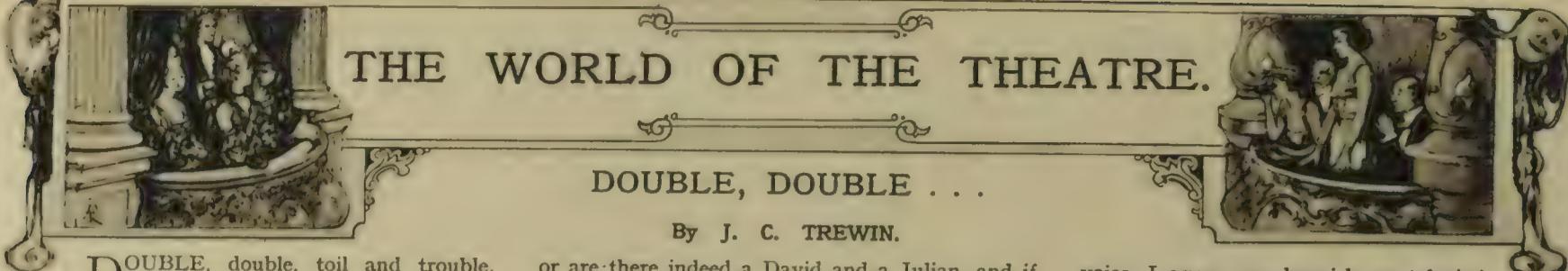


MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖELD, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS, WITH PRESIDENT NASSER, DURING THEIR RECENT TALKS IN CAIRO.

*How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale !*

*How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws !*

From "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DOUBLE, double, toil and trouble. Here, at the Savoy, is a pair of twins, and you know what twins can be like in the theatre, slipping out at one door and slipping in at another, the dramatist chuckling—a slightly sinister chuckle—as he reflects that by the third act his audience should be in the dizziest of flutters.



"I HAVE NEVER KNOWN A FARCE TO BE PRODUCED AT SO TINGLING A RATE": "OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE" (PALACE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FARCE BY GEORGES FEYDEAU WITH AMELIE (MADELEINE RENAUD); ETIENNE (GABRIEL CATTAND) AND AMELIE'S FATHER (ANDRE BRUNOT—LEFT). THE QUEEN HAS ARRANGED TO SEE THIS PLAY ON DECEMBER 5.

Ideally, the same player should act both twins, as Anouilh arranged in "*L'Invitation du Château*"—"Ring Round the Moon" to us. A greater dramatist did not worry about this. I have sat more than once in gentle wonder when Sebastian and Viola have confronted each other at the end of "*Twelfth Night*," and Antonio has uttered the fatal lines, "An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin than these two creatures." As a rule, an audience is gracious enough to accept the matter as make-believe (with the secret reservation that Antonio's sight has clearly been failing for years). I think still of an evening with a short, plump Viola and a tall, meagre Sebastian, each trying gamely to look like the other while discussing dates of birth and moles upon the brow. The other day I noticed that Herbert Farjeon, reviewing in 1933 a "*Twelfth Night*" in which the Olivia and Viola were accustomed to change parts, observed: "The players are hard put to it—none harder, perhaps, than Mr. Laurier Lister who, playing Sebastian, must look like Miss Margaretta Scott and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the two Violas, on alternate nights!"

What, further, are we to say of the early farce, "*The Comedy of Errors*"—still to enter the Old Vic's current five-year-plan—in which Shakespeare calls recklessly for two pairs of twins, masters and men, and has the usual confrontation at the end, with such lines as "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother," and "Which is the natural man, And which the spirit?" I recall Julian Charles Young's gardener on his first visit to the theatre. "There they are," he said of the pantomime, "in and out, and out and in again," and could give no more coherent account.

I cannot think what the poor fellow would have made of "*Double Image*," the new problem at the Savoy. Roger MacDougall and Ted Allan, who have based the play on a story by Roy Vickers, keep their characters whisking in and out, and out and in again, until we all but cry aloud, "Stop this for a minute!" and fumble for a scrap of paper and a pencil to make a few rapid notes and calculations. Twins are the trouble. They are acted by Richard Attenborough, so the likeness is safe (the authors stress heavily the epithet in "identical twins"), but—and the theatre starts to revolve slowly round us—these may not be twins at all. Is Julian both Julian and David,

DOUBLE, DOUBLE . . .

By J. C. TREWIN.

or are there indeed a David and a Julian, and if there is only one, why . . . ? But need I go on? You can guess to what a state the audience had been pulped by the time this première ended in a scene that had to be terse. There at long last would be the solution to the apparently insoluble.

Naturally, I cannot tell you the solution, though there is a misguided idea in these days that it is

clever to do so. We can agree, at any rate, that the dramatists have provided one of the most baffling puzzles in recent years—which of the twins, if they are indeed twins, murdered Uncle Ernest?—with a reservation that we want more in the theatre than to be baffled. Doubtless it can be fun to roam in circles in a mist, but it can exasperate as well. Still, there we are; and some excellent acting by Richard Attenborough, Raymond Huntley, Sheila Sim, and—or have I mentioned his name before?—Richard Attenborough, certainly serves to heighten argument. But, just as Macbeth said "No more sights!", let me murmur—with the best will in the world—"No more twins!" Or not for a little while.

I had a more profitable night at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where Lance Sieveking offered a new version of another kind of double, in "*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." Mr. Sieveking had made so scorching a radio play of this that Sir Barry Jackson invited him to reshape the book for the stage. It is, I think, a much better, because more faithful, rendering than

Comyns Carr's. That, we recall, allowed Jekyll to have a blind wife, which was hardly playing fair; elsewhere the emphasis of the drama (from the playgoer's point of view) was more on things seen than things sensed. Mr. Sieveking lets our imaginations work so that the moment when the mixture of the powder and the "few minimis of the red tincture" seethes and smokes, and Hyde prepares to return to Jekyll, does have a sharp and lasting impact: one heightened by the authority of Kenneth Mackintosh, the player, and Bernard Hepton, the director.

Double, double . . . I have to suppose that, in "*Fanny*" at Drury Lane, Robert Morley's other self, a shrewd and commanding actor, is standing by the Robert Morley who appears as the sailmaker Panisse, and—especially in the first act—asking him why he does it. Mr. Morley must be a haunted man. This, I am sorry to report, is often a melancholy occasion. Any new musical play at Drury Lane is technically an event, though, frequently, surroundings are responsible rather than production. It is a magnificent theatre. Undeniably it is one that deserves more than this sagging progress through the Marcel Pagnol trilogy, a night that ends as Ian Wallace (whose

voice, I agree, can burnish most lyrics) sings an embarrassment, called "*Welcome Home*," beside the body of Panisse. In a libretto by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, with music by Harold Rome, we plod through the tale of Marius, with his attack of sea-fever; his adoring Fanny, left in the Vieux Port of Marseilles to marry the accommodating Panisse and to give a name to Marius's child; and the café owner, Marius's father, with whom Panisse has had an amiable running war. The sets, by Georges Wakhevitch, are far more summoning than anything in the text. Now and again there is a useful line, and in the second act Mr. Morley (who should not have to speak doggerel to music and call it singing) must be less conscious of his accusing other self. Even so, it is by no means a distinguished occasion for the musical comedy stage, and the theatre's great name cannot persuade us that it is.

Every night during the Renaud-Barrault season at the Palace has been distinguished. We have just met the company at work in two moods, in (the word recurs this week) the haunted progress of Claudel's "*Christophe Colomb*"—with its uncannily imaginative blend of effects—and the thundering, foaming romp of "*Occupe-Toi d'Amelie*." If I linger with the second of these, it is because I have never known a farce to be produced at so tingling a rate, and with this almost impudently amused and assured command of the technique of exit-and-entrance, "in and out, and out and in again." It was written over half a century ago by Georges Feydeau, who had what we can call the interlocking grip so needed by a writer of farce. He must keep the tightest hand on everything during the mad central scenes and then release tension at a single twitch. As Amelie, the *cocotte* upon whom everyone seems to be keeping an eye, Madeleine Renaud lets herself go joyfully: her solemn progress, eiderdown-muffled, and resembling what in our more coloured



"WHICH OF THE TWINS, IF THEY ARE INDEED TWINS, MURDERED UNCLE ERNEST?": "DOUBLE IMAGE" (SAVOY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) ERNEST FANSHAW (RAYMOND HUNTLEY), JULIAN (OR IS IT DAVID?) FANSHAW (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH); MR. THWAITES (RONALD BARKER); ELSA FANSHAW (SHEILA SIM) AND EDITH BILLINGSLEY (ZENA DARE).

fiction would be called The Thing, had the house seething and bubbling like Jekyll's draught.

Jean-Louis Barrault, as a hobbling clerk at a civil marriage ceremony, had five minutes as the sort of character about whom one wants to know more, and yet appears to know all—just as one feels about some of the superbly-painted characters in the crowded background of an Old Master. "Of all sights in the world we value none so much as that of human enjoyment," said Leigh Hunt; and in spite of his comments elsewhere on farce as "an unambitious, undignified, and most unworthy combination of pun, equivoque, and claptrap," I fancy he might have enjoyed the sight of both audience and players at "*Occupe-Toi d'Amelie*." Double, double, toil and trouble—and here in a happy cause: almost one regrets the absence of twins.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE SILVER CURLEW" (Vanbrugh).—R.A.D.A. students in Eleanor Farjeon's endearingly inventive fantasy. (November 20.)
- "INTERMEZZO" (Palace).—The Renaud-Barrault company in Giraudoux's play. (November 22.)
- "GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—New musical comedy. (November 27.)
- "UNITED NOTIONS" (Adelphi).—Tommy Trinder, Patachou, and Pinky Lee in revue. (November 28.)
- "THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK" (Phoenix).—Perlita Neilson in a play based on a moving tale of the war. (November 29.)

REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC: THE STATE APARTMENTS AT KENSINGTON PALACE.



IN THE REOPENED STATE APARTMENTS AT KENSINGTON PALACE: THE NURSERY. THE PIANO ON THE RIGHT BELONGED TO THE PRINCE CONSORT.



PLAYED WITH BY QUEEN VICTORIA WHEN A CHILD: A GROUP OF TOYS WHICH ARE IN THE COLLECTION FORMED BY QUEEN MARY AS A MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



WORN BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE FIRST V.C. INVESTITURE IN 1856: ONE OF THE UNIFORMS IN KING WILLIAM'S GALLERY.



PAINTED BY KENT IN 1725: THE ORNATE CEILING IN THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM. THE MIDDLE PANEL REPRESENTS JUPITER AND SEMELE.



THE ROOM FROM WHICH THE YOUNG QUEEN WAS CALLED TO HEAR THE NEWS OF HER ACCESSION ON JUNE 20, 1837: QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

The State Apartments at Kensington Palace were reopened to the public on November 29, after having been closed for extensive restoration for some two years. The Queen had arranged to view the Apartments privately on the previous day. The Apartments, which are now the responsibility of the Trustees of the London Museum, are furnished with objects from four collections. Most of the paintings are from the Royal Collection, and these include an important collection of London topographical paintings,



SEEN IN THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM: (LEFT) THE ROBES WORN BY KING GEORGE V ON RETURNING FROM HIS CORONATION IN 1911, AND THOSE WORN BY QUEEN MARY AT THE CORONATION.

which are shown in the King's Gallery. A selection of furniture and other objects from the collection of the late Queen Mary has been lent by her Majesty the Queen. The Victorian Rooms still contain the Victorian Collection which was assembled by Queen Mary as a memorial to Queen Victoria. The London Museum has contributed over a dozen Royal costumes together with a variety of other Royal mementoes. The State rooms at Kensington Palace were first opened to the public in 1899.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT must be nearly fifty years since I first made the acquaintance of that very beautiful South African flower, the Barberton Daisy, *Gerbera jamesonii*. It was

growing in a narrow border at the foot (outside) of one of the heated greenhouses in the Cambridge Botanic Garden. There were a good many specimens growing there, with leaves very like dandelions, quite uninteresting, and 2-ft. wiry stems carrying solitary flowers, 3 to 4 ins. across, and in form like single chrysanthemums or marguerites, though far more elegant than either, their ray petals being curved and splayed out like the feathers of an unusually wide-open shuttlecock. In colour they ranged through rich red, cinnabar, orange and yellow, and I think there were a few pinks as well. They were a race of hybrids which had been raised by the then Director of the Cambridge Botanic Garden, Mr. R. Irwin Lynch.

Apparently there are several other species of Gerbera scattered widely and thinly about the world, and all of them, with the exception of *G. jamesonii*, have insignificant flowers of no sort of garden value. But Mr. Lynch used one of these, *Gerbera viridifolia*—which is described as having small, dirty-white flowers—for crossing with *G. jamesonii*, with surprising and most satisfactory results. The introduction of *viridifolia*'s blood resulted in a race of hybrid Barberton Daisies of increased beauty, interest and vigour.

Unfortunately, the Barberton Daisy is not as easy to grow in this country as its rather dandelion appearance would lead one to suppose. To begin with, it is not fully and reliably hardy here. At Cambridge it grew for many years, and for all I know may still grow, in those narrow borders outside the greenhouses, with, doubtless, a certain amount of warmth seeping through from the pipes inside. And I seem to remember that in winter the plants were given glass protection. Practical and legitimate gardening, but no proof of hardiness. In fact, a few years after first meeting those Cambridge Gerberas I was myself misled by them. Remembering their brilliant charm, and their position *outside* the greenhouses, and unaware that they were sheltered with sheets of glass in winter, I jumped to the conclusion that I could grow Barberton Daisies in pots in a cold frame at my Stevenage nursery, and popularise them as plants for growing at the traditional "foot of a south wall." So I imported Gerbera seed from a specialist grower in the south of France, and sowed them according to that grower's directions, spearing each seed individually into a pan of soil. They were like slender caraway seeds, and it was a case of many pans. They germinated to a man, and that autumn I was quite proud of over 1000 hearty little Barberton Daisies sitting in their small pots in a cold frame. Next spring my dynasty of daisies was a desolation of corpses. Every plant had died. Perhaps if I had planted them out in the frame instead of keeping them in pots, they would have survived. As it was, I abandoned my clever idea of making a whole lot of money out of the Barberton Daisy.

No; *Gerbera jamesonii* is not quite hardy in the everyday climate of this country, though in favoured southern and western districts it is probably more reliable. As cut flowers they make their appearance each summer in the more exclusive florists' shops in London and elsewhere, but whether these are grown in this country or imported from the Continent I do not know.

A few years ago a friend of mine, the head gardener at a big country house which had "gone commercial," experimented with Gerberas as cut flowers for market. He had them planted out in a bed of good loam in a

THE BARBERTON DAISY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

low, sunny lean-to greenhouse. For a few years they did remarkably well, making strong, healthy clumps which threw up a seemingly never-ending though never-profuse succession of their brilliant and graceful flowers. But in the end they were discarded. Records showed that Barberton Daisies paid far less well than either carnations, chrysanthemums or tomatoes, and in that garden they were not just playing at commerce. The greenhouse in which that experiment was

which a mass of whipcord roots go deep into any soil of which they approve. Once established, they are best left severely alone. They may be increased by removing side-shoots and rooting them, but this is a slow and not very satisfactory business. Raising from seed is probably the most satisfactory method of propagating, and good seed is set quite freely if flowers are inter-pollinated between separate individual plants.

Good loam, fairly light yet nourishing, is recommended for the Gerberas, and it should be deep and well-drained. But where in the garden should the amateur grow these lovely things? Perhaps as good a place as any is the foot of a south- or west-facing wall, of house, shed, garage—or just wall. And in all but the mildest districts glass protection in winter will be a wise precaution, especially as a means of controlling excessive rain, sleet and snowfall. Or a colony of Gerberas might be planted out in a bed in a cool or an unheated greenhouse. The narrow bed at the back of a lean-to peach or vine-house should grow them well, and such a bed might be raised a foot or two above floor-level by means of a simple retaining wall. Gerberas may be grown in pots in the cool house, but this method seldom seems to prove very satisfactory. There seems to be something about this sort of semi-detached existence which they resent—and I think I rather agree with them. It's a pity, nevertheless, for plants which flower and flourish in pots are really very convenient.

I am inclined to think, however, that perhaps the most satisfactory way to grow a few Barberton Daisies in the average private garden is to have them planted out in a cold frame. As many plants as would go under one of these Dutch lights—so inexpensive, and so light and easy to handle—should produce enough flowers for most households, with perhaps a few now and then for giving away. The frame, built of brick, breeze blocks, concrete, or old railway sleepers, according to the taste of the handyman employed, should be made high enough to raise the planting bed of soil a foot or so above ground-level, and at the same time to leave comfortable head-room for the plants. But during summer the light, or lights, might be left off entirely. Their main use would be to keep excessive winter rain in its place, and to give that subtle protection—without coddling—which a sheet of glass can afford to plants which are always a little uncertain whether they like our climate or not, or even whether

they are prepared to tolerate it at all. And the Gerberas seem to come under that heading. And who can blame them, coming from where they do?

I wrote recently about that astonishing plastic, polythene, and its many uses in the home and in horticulture. Since then I have come across two other uses which were new to me. A few days ago my five-year-old grandson, Martin, returned in triumph from Stow Fair carrying a couple of goldfish which he had won from one of the stalls at some outrageously hazardous game of chance. But were they in the traditional little glass bowl? No, no; here in the Cotswolds we move with the times. They were in a bag like so many lollipops—a polythene bag containing half a pint of water. The other use for a polythene bag is to contain a handful of moss and a writhe of worms when a fellow goes "coarse" or, as some call it, "bottom" fishing. A polythene bag keeps the moss fresh and moist without its going sour, and it keeps the worms happy and suits their complexions. But why, I would ask, is it called bottom fishing or coarse fishing? Has it anything to do with the almost habitual posture of these sportsmen, or does it refer to their language—upon occasion?



HYBRID GERBERA

BARBERTON DAISIES : HYBRID GERBERAS, IN SHADES OF YELLOW, ORANGE, PEACH, PINK AND CINNABAR.

This reproduction is from a plate in "Flora and Sylva," Vol. III (1905) and is from a drawing made by H. G. Moon, from the hybrid Gerberas developed at the Cambridge Botanic Gardens by Mr. R. Irwin Lynch—to whom Mr. Elliott refers in his article.

carried out was kept just frost-free and no more.

Barberton Daisies take a year or two to flower from seed, but the plants are very long-lived, forming clumps of rather woody crowns, from

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THE BRILLIANT SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE 16TH OLYMPIC GAMES, AS THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN MILER, R. CLARKE, ENTERED THE ARENA.



THE OLYMPIC FLAME IS LIT, AS THE TORCH IS PLUNGED IN BY R. CLARKE, WHO IS THE HOLDER OF THE UNOFFICIAL JUNIOR WORLD RECORD FOR THE MILE.

THE BRILLIANT OPENING OF THE 16TH OLYMPIC GAMES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; AND THE LIGHTING OF THE FLAME.

On the afternoon of November 22 the Duke of Edinburgh opened the 16th Olympic Games at Melbourne in brilliant sunshine before a crowd of some 105,000 spectators and in the presence of the competitors of sixty-seven nations. After a prelude of martial music from Australian service bands, the Duke was welcomed by Mr. Kent Hughes, the chairman of the organising committee, and invited by Mr. Avery Brundage, of the International Olympic Committee, to open the Games. At the Duke's words, the flag was raised,



AT THE OPENING: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (L.) RECEIVES OLYMPIC MEDALS FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE, MR. KENT HUGHES.

the flock of pigeons was released, there was a salute of artillery and the Olympic torch was carried into the stadium by R. Clarke, the holder of the unofficial junior world mile record. As the flame sprang up, the Lord Archbishop of Melbourne spoke and a helicopter circled above. The teams drew near to the stand and J. M. Landy, the Australian mile world record-holder, spoke the words of the Olympic oath. During the march-past of the teams there was an emotional reception for the Hungarians from the crowd.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TREADING DELICATELY ON CATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ONE of the advantages of contributing to this page is that the author is constantly receiving information from its readers. To those who very kindly go to the trouble of writing, I would like to say that all such information is filed, even if it is not used immediately. Another advantage is the receipt of letters asking for information on particular topics. These are not so easily dealt with, for the simple reason that the questions asked are often difficult to answer. They tend to be put aside for further research, when time permits; and occasionally, merely because they have been so put aside, they fail to be acknowledged. So may I take this opportunity of saying, to anyone who may have written me off as a poor correspondent, that time can work miracles and a reply will, in due course, eventuate.

The fact of being set a poser, which so often is the case with letters of this second category, is itself a stimulation, to look further into knotty problems. Not always with marked success, as with one received recently. In this, the writer expressed regret that although I occasionally write about dogs I have not written so fully on cats. Then he proceeds to ask questions about cats, about their intelligence; and also about their time-sense.

There are cat-lovers, and there are dog-lovers, and there are those that love neither. Unless writing for a specialised audience, therefore, one stands a fair risk of displeasing, if not offending, two of these groups, or possibly all three. When writing of dogs, I have, as a consequence, confined my remarks to personal observations, keeping generalisations to a minimum. Although we have two cats, as against one dog, the opportunity to deal with them has not presented itself in quite the same way. That in itself is illuminating. Personally, I find the mind of a dog as readable as a book as compared with that of a cat: that of the extrovert against the introvert. Even so, cats give the overall impression of being no less gifted. It is, however, difficult to compare the intelligence of the two.

Having no striking anecdotal examples from our own feline *ménage* I must fall back on second-hand examples. The first that springs to mind concerns a friend of mine who hung a small bell low-down outside the door of the sitting-room. His cat quickly caught the idea of ringing this and then waiting patiently for the door to be opened, when it wished to enter the room. Moreover, it was not long before, hearing the bell tinkle, my friend rose from his chair, went to the door and opened it to find no cat visible. Looking around, he found the cat sitting at the front door waiting to be let out. He happens to be a zoologist of repute, so we may take his word for the information that the cat learned this trick independently and quickly, information which he volunteered on the occasion when, visiting him, I happened to observe the cat perform this trick. Measuring this against my own more trivial observations of cat behaviour, I would suggest that it epitomizes two of the outstanding qualities of the domestic cat, patience and subtlety in insight behaviour.

The anecdote also points to another characteristic: that in indicating its needs, intentions or wishes, a cat takes more direct action than a dog. Here I am generalising, a fatal line to adopt when confronted with opposing factions, so perhaps I should say that in my experience a dog tries to convey his messages by facial and bodily expressions

pulled at him. Then she released her claws and started to walk away. He looked at her for a moment, slightly puzzled, then resumed digging. The cat repeated her manoeuvre. Again he failed to understand. At last, by dint of her persevering with the tugging at his trouser-leg, he put down his fork and followed. She led him to the shed, to a nest wherein lay her first litter—one kitten only. He told me that at that point she looked up at him "with obvious pride."

There is always a danger in retailing second-hand stories of animals, as in the one quoted by Pennant. The Earl of Southampton, close friend of the Earl of Essex and involved with him in insurrection, was confined in the Tower of London. After he had been incarcerated for a while he was surprised to receive a visit from his favourite cat, which, so the story goes, had reached his apartment by descending the chimney. I like the comment on this by an eighteenth-century author, who, after acknowledging Pennant's eminence as a naturalist, wrote, "I must confess that it seems too absurd to be allowed any degree of credit." Even so, the story of the behaviour of the cat with her single kitten does not seem to me to be beyond the limit of credibility. Indeed, judging from the behaviour of our own cats when they are kept overlong for their evening meal, and resort to very similar tactics to lead one to the corner in the kitchen where they are fed, I would accept it fully, even to the look of pride!

I have no personal experiences of mother-love in cats, but a strongly-supported account of one cat's behaviour lends conviction to the alleged look of "obvious pride." It concerns a she-cat who had formed the habit of producing a litter at regular intervals, the kittens being taken from her at a very early age by her owner. There came the time when the cat absented herself entirely from the house, except to come in at regular times for her customary meals. It was subsequently discovered that she had produced yet another litter, but this time she had chosen as her nursery a point high up in a larch, on an accumulation of vegetable litter which rested where two closely adjacent branches came away from the trunk. The kittens were well-grown before the mother brought them down. Whether she repeated the trick I cannot say, having completely lost touch with her owner.

It may be, of course, that comparable stories exist of bitches indulging in equally clever stratagems for the preservation of their offspring.

It cannot be claimed that the retailing of a few anecdotes sheds any great light on so elusive a subject as animal intelligence, and particularly on that of an animal so mentally elusive as a cat. Furthermore, the question of a time-sense has been so far ignored. The particular point raised by my correspondent concerns his own cat's habit of meeting him at the station each day, punctually and regularly. This is something which must be put aside for the moment, for further consideration. Its study is even more elusive than the study of intelligence.



"I SHOULD SAY THAT IN MY EXPERIENCE A DOG TRIES TO CONVEY HIS MESSAGES BY FACIAL AND BODILY EXPRESSIONS, WHEREAS A CAT USES ITS PAWS": TWO CATS, EACH WITH A PAW OUTSTRETCHED, TAKE STOCK OF EACH OTHER ON THE TOP OF A GATE. THIS IS A NORMAL PRELUDE TO A GAME OF ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE.



ROUND TWO: A SOUTHPAW RECEIVES A STRAIGHT LEFT TO THE EAR FROM HIS SPARRING PARTNER—TWO YOUNG CATS STAND ON THEIR HIND LEGS AS THEY BOX EACH OTHER WITH OUTSTRETCHED PAWS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

whereas a cat uses its paws. A dog will do this to some extent, but, again within my experience, markedly less than a cat. Another second-hand anecdote will illustrate this. If it is not true in every particular it could be true. In any event, it was vouched for by the man who told it me, as well as by his wife who witnessed it.

The teller of the story described how he was digging his garden when his cat came to him and, fastening her claws in the material of his trouser-leg,

ROUND THE LONDON GALLERIES.



"STUDY FOR A PORTAIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN," BY SIR WILLIAM O. HUTCHISON, P.R.S.A., HON. R.A., R.P. (Oil on canvas; 28 by 24 ins.) (Lent to the R.P. Exhibition by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

These three portraits are among the paintings on view at the 63rd Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which continues at 195, Piccadilly, until December 20.

"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN," BY JAMES GUNN, A.R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. (Oil on canvas; 94 by 59 ins.)

(Oil on canvas; 94 by 59 ins.)

WORKS FROM SIX CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.



"PROFESSOR SIR ALBERT E. RICHARDSON"; A POWERFUL PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY BY MAURICE CODNER, R.P. (Oil on canvas; 43 by 33 ins.)

As well as the two portraits of the Queen shown here, there is one of her Majesty by A. C. Davidson-Houston. Maurice Codner's fine painting of the President of the Royal Academy is one of the outstanding formal portraits in this large and varied exhibition.



"THE ONLY SOLUTION," IN THE EXHIBITION OF TERRA-COTTA AND POTTERY FIGURINES BY AUDREY BLACKMAN, AT THE BERKELEY GALLERIES. (Terra-cotta; height 9½ ins.) Audrey Blackman's third exhibition at the Berkeley Galleries, 20, Davies Street, W.1, which is to continue until December 15, contains thirty-six of her graceful and humorous figurines, ranging in subject from this Oxford group to a lively rendering of "Les Ballets Africains."



"EPIS DE BLE," IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY JEAN COMMERE, AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 32 ins.) Glowing colours and energetic compositions characterise the work of Jean Commere, whose first London exhibition is to be seen at the Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, W.1, until December 8. This young French artist, who learnt to draw in prison during the Occupation, is well-established in Paris.



"LE CHASTE JOSEPH, 1928," IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MAX ERNST AT THE MATTHIESSEN GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 63 by 51 ins.) The retrospective exhibition of paintings by the German surrealist artist, Max Ernst, covers his development from 1919 to the present day. It is being shown at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, until Dec. 15. Max Ernst had his first London exhibition in 1937 and has recently had other retrospective exhibitions in Germany, Belgium and Switzerland.



"THE BRIDGE AT CHARITE-SUR-LOIRE," BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A., ONE OF "SOME CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PAINTERS" AT WILDENSTEIN'S. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 34 ins.) Lord Methuen has six paintings in the exhibition of works by "Some Contemporary British Painters" at Messrs. Wildenstein's, 147, New Bond Street, which continues until December 21. The other artists represented are Morton Colville, Villiers David, John Egleton, Alastair Flattley, Clifford Frith, William Hallé and Richard Macdonald.



"SUMMER," ONE OF FORTY-ONE WATER-COLOURS BY LESLIE WORTH IN HIS FIRST ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S. (Water-colour; 14 by 21½ ins.) In his water-colours Leslie Worth captures most convincingly the light and atmosphere of a particular season. He lives in Epsom and much of his work is done in the surrounding countryside. Mr. Worth has taught painting and drawing at the Epsom School of Art since 1947. The exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's, 43, Old Bond Street, remains open until December 8.



THIS (Fig. 1) really is a gem of a cabinet. It is now the property of all of us, thanks to the generosity of Brigadier W. E. Clark, who has given it to the Victoria and Albert Museum, through the National Art-Collections Fund. The trouble with such pieces is that, for obvious reasons, you and I cannot be trusted to go up and open it; too many of us are still sunk in barbarism. When



FIG. 1. "A GEM OF A CABINET": AN ENGLISH EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WALNUT VENEER CABINET ON A STAND, RECENTLY GIVEN TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY BRIGADIER W. E. CLARK, THROUGH THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND. (Height, 5 ft. 5½ ins.; width, 2 ft. 10 ins.) (The Victoria and Albert Museum.)

I went round Berkeley Castle last September I was told that some oafish visitor a few weeks previously thought that, having paid his half-crown, it would be a pleasant gesture to open a fine Tompion long-case clock standing in a corner and to scratch his name on the inside! How on earth are such types to be civilised? Brigadier Clark's cabinet normally stands in the museum with the doors shut, thus giving full value to the exceptional elegance of its proportions, to the beautiful quality of the door panels on the outside and to the neatness of the canted corners. Therefore, I thought a photograph with the doors open, displaying the arrangement of the drawers inside, would be of interest. One loses the balance of the piece as a whole, but, I think, gains something, if only the realisation that as many pains were lavished upon the interior as upon the exterior. It is what one would expect, of course, but it is pleasant to know for certain. I greatly doubt whether, if I were lucky enough to own such a thing, I could bear to let it out of my house.

The photograph shows clearly how carefully matched are the walnut veneers throughout and how variety has been provided by the ash cross-bandings on the panels and round each of the sixteen drawers inside and the two below. The arrangement, with drawers of different sizes, was presumably intended for a collection of small objects—coins, perhaps. The design of any cabinet of this sort, if it is to satisfy the eye and, at the same time, to serve a practical purpose, presents a very pretty problem indeed. Imagine this, for example, with the legs a foot shorter—or a foot longer—or the whole thing a foot wider—or

narrower; you would immediately feel uncomfortable. As it is, whoever made it was not only a superb craftsman but, if he designed it as well, owned a wonderfully well-adjusted eye, knowing exactly how to give an air of grace to a fairly solid structure. The final touch is the slight curve of the legs which, without any carving, somehow flow up from the ground so that one forgets what a substantial weight they have to bear.

The date is somewhere in the early part of the eighteenth century, representing the final phase of a style which, in a rather more florid manner, was in favour during the reign of William and Mary. Everyone, as he goes about the world and keeps

his eyes open, forms his own opinion as to the value of certain types of furniture—I don't mean monetary but aesthetic value; that opinion may very likely vary from year to year as his experience is enriched. At this moment I feel disposed to agree with a good many others that, by and large, the first decade of the century witnessed one of those rare periods in the constant evolution of the applied arts when, as far as woodwork was

half-way up. This cabinet belonged to the first Lord Leverhulme, who also owned another identical piece. Both went to America and now this one is back in London. The flow of fine things is not only from East to West.

I can never see a piece of furniture known to have been designed specifically by Robert Adam, or based upon his unmistakable style, without marvelling at the erudition and industry displayed by this gifted Scot (ably assisted by his three brothers, James, John and William) as both architect and building contractor and speculator from his return from his Italian journey in 1758, down to his death in 1792; acquiring London leaseholds, designing both mansions and interior decoration for nearly everyone of importance up and down the country with no smallest detail omitted; he even designed a Sedan chair for Queen Charlotte, we are told. Yet—and this is curious, it seems to me—his influence faded, leaving little or no trace, he established no school, and those who came after him—Nash, for example—owe him little or nothing, nor, as far as I can see, can one detect anything but the vaguest reminiscence of his work in the furniture produced at the turn of the century. The more one reads about him and his firm, the more one becomes fascinated, but one aspect of his activity remains more or less unknown.

The story of the Adam brothers' achievements as professional men has been studied in great detail. What would be no less fascinating would



FIG. 2. THE SECOND OF THE "TWO FINE CABINETS" DISCUSSED HERE BY MR. DAVIS: AN ADAM SATINWOOD CHINA CABINET, FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF LORD LEVERHULME. (Height, 8 ft. 3 ins.; width, 6 ft. 8 ins.) (Mallett and Son, Ltd.)

concerned, we managed to create a style which, at once sober and lively, achieved as nice a balance of taste and craftsmanship as we have ever known. No doubt I shall hold this opinion for at least a week, by which time I shall have seen some extraordinarily delicate piece by one of the great French cabinet-makers of fifty years later or maybe a fine chair in the style of Chippendale or Hepplewhite, and begin unblushingly to revise that opinion. Anyway, there's the cabinet for all to see and to weigh up its merits for themselves.

It so happened that during the same week I saw the far more elaborate and sophisticated cabinet of Fig. 2, which many, I suspect, would class in a higher category than the Queen Anne walnut piece. Maybe I would myself, did I not suffer from an inexplicable prejudice against satinwood. Apart from that—and the prejudice is absurd—it is an impeccable example of late eighteenth-century work, a typical Adam design, with its inlay of urns and leaves and with specially delightful detail in the carved wood swags on the glass doors. Who made it to Adam's orders? Nobody knows—it might be by any one of a dozen first-class people. A particularly beautiful minor point, perhaps not immediately obvious in the photograph, is the small carved foliage spray, four of them, on each side of the two centre doors

be the story of their business adventures—just how their success was built up and something of their financial arrangements. We know a little, but not much. We know, for example, how their Adelphi project was nearly shipwrecked owing to lack of capital, and how they extricated themselves from disaster by obtaining Parliamentary sanction for a private lottery. We know, too, that they fell foul of the Thames Conservancy and were accused of stealing part of the river in order to build the Adelphi Embankment; that they had ingenious notions of labour management—which didn't quite work—employing several hundred of their fellow Scots, hiring them in Scotland, where wages were lower than in London, and having a dozen bagpipers to play to them on the job—an early example of "Music While You Work." As soon as the men discovered they could obtain better wages elsewhere, off they went, "throwing off the curse of Adam," as they said. The bagpipes were poor compensation for bawbees.

IMPORTANT ACQUISITIONS BY NATIONAL COLLECTIONS IN LONDON:

THE ALDOBRANDINI
DISH, THE TUDOR JEWEL,
THE GOLD ACORN CUP
AND ROGIER VAN DER
WEYDEN'S "PIETA."



ONE OF MANY FINE PIECES OF SILVER BEQUEATHED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY DR. W. H. HILDBURGH: THE ALDOBRANDINI DISH, PROBABLY MADE AT AUGSBURG IN ABOUT 1580. (Height: 16½ ins.)



THE TUDOR JEWEL: A RARE GOLD-ENAMELLED PENDANT JEWEL OF ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP OF THE MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM WITH THE AID OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND. THE CENTRAL PANEL (ABOVE) SHOWS JOSEPH IN THE WELL, AND THE ENAMELLED DESIGN ON THE BACK (RIGHT) IS IN THE STYLE OF ETIENNE DELAUNE.



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PIECE OF ENGLISH SECULAR GOLD PLATE: THE GOLD ACORN CUP OF c. 1610, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM WITH THE AID OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.



ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN PART-SATISFACTION OF ESTATE DUTY: THE "PIETA" BY ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN, FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF POWIS. (Oil on panel; 13½ by 17½ ins.)

THE Aldobrandini Dish is one of many important pieces of silver which have come to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the bequest of Dr. W. H. Hildburgh. Probably made in Augsburg in about 1580, this fine silver-gilt standing dish belonged to a set of twelve made for Pope Clement VIII, when he was still Cardinal Aldobrandini. At some time some of the statuettes got switched, and Dr. Hildburgh's dish, which is decorated with scenes from the life of Domitian, was surmounted by a statuette of Vitellius. The proper statuette has now been obtained in an exchange with the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the Lee Collection of the University of Toronto. In acquiring the Tudor Jewel and The Gold Acorn Cup the British Museum has had generous contributions from the National Art-Collections Fund. The former is one of the very few pieces of early Tudor Renaissance jewellery, which can with certainty be called English. The beautiful Gold Acorn Cup, made of solid 22-carat gold, is the earliest known piece of English secular gold plate. The acquisition of Rogier van der Weyden's magnificent "Pieta" for the National Gallery makes taxation history. It has been acquired for £80,000 from the collection of the Earl of Powis in part-satisfaction of estate duty, payable on the death of the 4th Earl of Powis. This is the first acquisition under the section of the Finance Act, 1956, which enables the Inland Revenue to accept in satisfaction of estate duty works of art which the Treasury is satisfied are pre-eminent for their aesthetic merit or historical value. The "Pieta," which will not be on exhibition for some little time, is a famous masterpiece of fifteenth-century Flemish art and has been seen in several exhibitions.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY:
FINE PORTRAIT DRAWINGS.

"WILLIAM IV," BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841).
SIGNED AND DATED, 1833. (Black chalk, pen and water-colour;
18 by 13 ins.) (Mrs. T. G. Winter.)



"THE DUCHESS OF KENT," BY FRANZ XAVER WINTER-
HALTER (1806-1873). (Pencil and water-colour; 12 by 9½ ins.)
(Reproduced by Gracious Permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"LORD GRANTHAM," BY JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES
(1780-1867); DRAWN IN ROME IN 1816. (Pencil; 15½ by 10½ ins.)
(Major Edward Compton.)



"SIR ROBERT WORSLEY," BY JOHN GREENHILL (c. 1644-1676).
THE COMPANION PORTRAIT OF WORSLEY'S WIFE IS DATED 1669.
(Pastel; 9½ by 7½ ins.) (Sir Bruce Ingram.)



"ANNE CRESACRE," BY HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER
(1497-1543). (Black and coloured chalk, and wash on white
paper; 14½ by 10½ ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious Permission
of her Majesty the Queen.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY EDMUND ASHFIELD (ACTIVE
c. 1673-c. 1700). SIGNED AND DATED, 1673.
(Pastel; 10½ by 8½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680).
PROBABLY EXECUTED c. 1660.
(Black chalk heightened with white; 10 by 8 ins.) (The Earl of Jersey.)



"RICHARD WILSON," A FINE STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT
OF A FELLOW ARTIST BY ANTON RAPHAEL MENGS
(1728-1779). (Black chalk heightened with white; 18 by 11½ ins.)
(The British Museum.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST," A STRIKING SELF-PORTRAIT
BY SIR PETER LELY.
(Black chalk heightened with white; 15½ by 12½ ins.) (Mrs. H. M. Lely.)

IN our last issue we reproduced a selection of paintings from the current Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—"British Portraits"—which continues at Burlington House until March 3. On this page a number of the portrait drawings which form part of the exhibition are shown. Drawings are of a more intimate nature than paintings,
[Continued opposite.]

Continued.
and thus give the artist scope for more personal expression. While the many paintings in this interesting exhibition stress the long-lived desire of the British people to have their portraits painted, the drawings tend to show clearly the artist's interest in human physiognomy and personality.

THE SCENE OF AN ISRAELITE TRIUMPH OF 3300 YEARS AGO: BIBLICAL HAZOR—THE SECOND SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS.

By YIGAEL YADIN, PH.D., Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, and Director of the James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor.

This is the first of two articles on the 1956 excavations at Hazor by General Yadin; and continues the story of the excavation of this huge site, which began in our issue of April 14, 1956.

(The James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor operates on behalf of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, with funds contributed by the P.J.C.A., the Anglo-Israel Exploration Committee (headed by Lord Cohen, Sir Maurice Block, Mr. Israel M. Sieff and Dr. A. Lerner) and the Government of Israel. The director was ably assisted by Mr. M. Donayevsky (chief architect to the expedition) as well as by the members of the staff who are mentioned in the course of this article. Photographs by A. Volk, chief photographer to the Expedition.)

THE big city of Hazor "the head of all those kingdoms" (Josh. XI, 11), the capital of northern Canaan in the times of Joshua, continues to reveal its secrets to the spade. Now, after the termination of the second season of excavations, we have a much clearer picture of what was once the biggest city in the Holy Land (about 200 acres of built-up area) in the Canaanite period, and one of the strongholds of the Kings of Israel from the times of King Solomon, who rebuilt it, until its downfall in the times of Pekah, King of Israel, when it was captured and destroyed in the year 732 B.C. by the Assyrian Tiglath Pileser III (II Kings XV, 29).

The city of Hazor, which played a prominent part in the events which took place in the Middle East from at least the beginning of the second millennium B.C., is mentioned several times in Egyptian and Mesopotamian documents, from which we learn that it was one of the centres for all commercial activities between Mesopotamia and Palestine during the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries B.C. We further gather that its strategical situation (Fig. 1) compelled most of the Egyptian Pharaohs, from Thutmose III down to Seti I, to occupy it in order to protect their lines of communication with the great empires of the north. The prominent rôle of Hazor is further attested by the famous letters from El Amarna, in Egypt, from which we learn that its King, Abdi-Tarshi in the first half of the fourteenth century B.C., was a most restless character, expanding his activities as far north-west as Tyre and east as Astaroth, in Trans-Jordan. Similarly,

several generations later, Jabin the King of Hazor established himself as the ruler of all northern Canaan, and thus was at the head of the league of the Canaanite kingdoms which fought against Joshua. This fact, of which a detailed description is given in the Book of Joshua (Josh. XI), made the excavations at Hazor of paramount importance, not only as a means of uncovering the remains of its different strata and material culture, but also in providing a clue to the vexed problem in Biblical archaeology of fixing the date of the Exodus and the occupation of Canaan by the tribes of Israel under Joshua. The results of the first season, last year, have already shown that the last Canaanite city in the vast enclosure to the north of the mound of the acropolis, had been

destroyed, not to be reoccupied, in the thirteenth century B.C., as was attested by the quantities of Mycenaean pottery (Type IIIb) found on the floors of this city. This conclusion, together with the many interesting finds of last year's dig, served as a pointer for our plan of excavation in this second season, begun at the middle of July and terminated at the end of October 1956. The second season was conducted on an even larger scale

than the first: 200 labourers in the field, as well as about forty-five people on the archaeological and technical staff including archaeologists, architects, photographers, draughtsmen, students of archaeology from the Hebrew University as well as a number of archaeologists and students from abroad, who volunteered and joined the expedition.

The results of the second season are of greater importance to Biblical archaeology than the results of last year's dig—important as those were: for the first time Hebrew inscriptions from the period of the kings of Israel have been discovered in Galilee; additional objects have been uncovered from that period of a high artistic standard, shedding



FIG. 1. A MAP TO SHOW THE POSITION OF ANCIENT HAZOR (MODERN TELL EL QEDAH), IN NORTHERN ISRAEL.



FIG. 2. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT AREA A AT HAZOR, LOOKING WESTWARD, AND SHOWING THE PILLARED HALL OF AHAB'S TIME.

In the foreground is the deep trial trench which has revealed lower layers, of the Late and Middle Bronze Ages and Iron Age layers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries above them. Immediately above the trench, and at right angles to it, is the Solomonic casemate wall. Behind this is the pillared hall of the time of King Ahab (ninth century B.C.); and to the left of this, living-quarters of the time of Jeroboam II (eighth century B.C.).

further light on the art of the northern kingdom; most interesting cult objects from the Canaanite cities were discovered as well, and last but not least, the different buildings, city walls, temple and citadel from both the Israelite and Canaanite cities, discovered this year, have shown quite clearly how apt was the Biblical description of Hazor as the capital of Canaan and the stronghold of Israel in the north.

The excavation this year embraced four areas: two (A, B) on the mound proper, and C and F in the area of the big enclosure containing the remains of the Canaanite city. Areas A, B, C were also excavated last year. Excavations in areas D and E in the enclosure were discontinued this

season, since last year's results had served their purpose in proving that the large enclosure contained the remains of a city and was not a mere "parking place" or "camp" as previously assumed by the late Professor J. Garstang, who was the first to identify the site of Tell el Qedah with Biblical Hazor.

AREA A (excavated under the supervision of Dr. Y. Aharoni) (Fig. 2). The excavations in this area concentrated this year mainly around four objects: (1) the big public building with its two rows of pillars, discovered last year, was completely cleared. It is now obvious that the building had two periods of occupation, the first (stratum V) during the times of Ahab and the second (stratum IV) during the times of his successors. This building, with its adjoining paved-courts, must have stood out majestically in the neighbourhood, as can be seen from the aerial photograph (Fig. 2). We believe that this might have served as a storehouse of the type which must have existed in the neighbourhood, as is attested by the Bible: "And Ben-hadad . . . sent the captains of his armies against . . . all the store cities of Naphtali" (II Chr. XVI, 4). (2) South of this building, where we had last year discovered the burned remains of city No. 2 (destroyed by Tiglath Pileser), awaited us this year the first Hebrew inscription from the times of the kings of Israel ever discovered in Galilee. After removing the buildings discovered last year, we came upon the buildings of stratum III which happened to belong to wealthy merchants from the time of King Jeroboam II (786–746 B.C.E.). In one of these houses we found two inscriptions in the old Hebrew script. One, which was incised on a jar (Fig. 10), read LMKBRM, i.e., *belonging to Makhbiram*—a Hebrew name unknown either from the Bible or from inscriptions. We called the house where this inscription was found: the house of Makhbiram. In the same house we found a second inscription (Fig. 11)—this time painted on a jar—which is unfortunately incomplete; but what remains of it may be read as: YRB'A (=Jeroboam ?) and in the second line: BN 'ELM (=the son of Elmatan or Elimelekh). In the same house we also discovered a beautiful cosmetic palette made of ivory (Fig. 14), with a carving of a stylized Tree of Life on its one side—and a head of a woman on the other, with two birds flanking the head carved on the narrow sides of the palette. This palette probably belonged to Madame Makhbiram. . . . Before leaving stratum III in this area, it is perhaps worth while to mention that the walls of this house were heavily damaged by an earthquake. Could that be the earthquake referred to in the Book of Amos: "The words of Amos . . . which he saw concerning Israel . . . in the days of Jeroboam the son of Joash King of Israel, two years before the earthquake"?

(3) East of the building with the pillars, and belonging to stratum VII, we discovered a well-built casemate city wall (Fig. 2), which was most probably built by King Solomon. The fact that the wall traversed the mound in its centre suggests that Solomon built only part of the mound and turned it into a garrison city (I Kings IV, 15). This city wall was abandoned in later periods when the city expanded eastwards, and the casemates were turned into workshops, living quarters, etc. In one casemate we found about twenty jars of wine or oil, covered by the fallen roof of the room, while in another we struck a unique find: a big Red Sea shell (Fig. 13) used as a trumpet (ninth century B.C.) in a manner still prevalent in many primitive tribes in various parts of the world.

(4) In order to establish the relation between stratum VII (Solomon) and that belonging to the latest Canaanite city in the Late Bronze Age (thirteenth century B.C.E.) we cut a deep trench eastwards of the casemate wall and perpendicular to it (Fig. 2). This trench yielded most important historical data: between the Solomonic and the Late Bronze cities at least one other stratum was

[Continued overleaf]

HAZOR: KING PEKAH'S CITADEL WHICH TIGLATH PILESER III RASED TO THE GROUND IN 732 B.C.



(Left.)
FIG. 3. AN AERIAL VIEW OF AREA B—THE ISRAELITE CITADEL, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY TIGLATH PILESER III IN 732 B.C. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE LIVING QUARTERS, AND, BEHIND, THE FORT.



(Right.)
FIG. 4. A DETAIL OF FIG. 3, SHOWING THE LIVING QUARTERS OF THE CITADEL; AND IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND THE STAIR LEADING TO AN ORIGINAL SECOND STOREY.



FIG. 5. THE STAIRCASE IN THE LIVING QUARTERS OF KING PEKAH'S CITADEL AT HAZOR. RASED TO THE GROUND IN 732 B.C.



FIG. 6. A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL MARBLE INCENSE LADLE IN THE FORM OF A HAND CLASPING A BOWL. THIS WAS FOUND IN THE ISRAELITE CITADEL OF AREA B AND DATES FROM THE TIME OF KING PEKAH.



FIG. 7. FINE ASHLAR STONES (SOME NEARLY 5 FT. LONG) OF THE ISRAELITE CITADEL. THE FOUNDATIONS ARE NEARLY 10 FT. DEEP.



FIG. 8. A HEBREW INSCRIPTION ON A WINE JAR READING "FOR PEKAH" AND "SEMADAR" (A KIND OF GRAPE)—AND, SO, OF WINE.



FIG. 9. SKELETON OF A LAMB FOUND NEAR THE CITADEL'S KITCHEN: PROBABLY A CARCASS ABANDONED BEFORE COOKING.

Continued.

discovered belonging to the first century of the Early Iron Age, i.e., between 1200 and 930 B.C. When this trench is enlarged next season and the exact age of this intermediate city is fixed, it will be possible to take a final decision concerning the relation between the capture of Hazor attributed to Joshua and that which according to the Bible took place at the time of Debora around 1100 B.C.E. AREA B (excavated under the supervision of Mrs. R. B. K. Amiran) (Fig. 3). In this area (which is sited at the western tip of the mound at its most fortified point) we last year discovered a series of citadels, the latest of which belonged to the Hellenistic period and the oldest to the Assyrian period later reconstructed in the Persian period somewhere in the fifth-fourth century B.C. It was with great hesitation that we decided this year to remove the well-preserved Persian citadel in the hope of uncovering below it the yet older citadel belonging to the Israelite period. But we were amply rewarded for our decision; below the late building we discovered a most imposing citadel, inferior in construction only to the Royal palaces discovered at Samaria, the capital of the

northern kingdom of Israel. The citadel contained two parts: in the south the fort proper, and to its north an annexe containing the living quarters of its occupants (Figs. 4 and 5). The plan of the fort is a simple one: a square with a row of square rooms at its northern and southern flanks, with two long and narrow halls in the centre. The characteristic feature of the fort, however, is its method of construction: very thick walls (up to 2 metres in thickness) occupying about 40 per cent. of the total area of the fort, and very deep foundations, at places going down to about 3 metres below the floor. The corners of the building were built with imposing ashlar stones (Fig. 7), some of them about 1.5 metres long. But the most interesting, although tragic, aspect of the dig at this area was the evidence of the terrific destruction which befell the citadel. All the rooms were covered with a layer of ashes, about 1 metre thick; the stones were all black and numerous charred planks and fragments of plaster from the ceiling were scattered all over the area. The eastern side of the citadel—the direction from which the fort was attacked—was destroyed to such an extent that

[Continued opposite.]

THE BIBLE BROUGHT TO LIFE IN FINDS FROM HAZOR OF SOLOMON'S TIME.

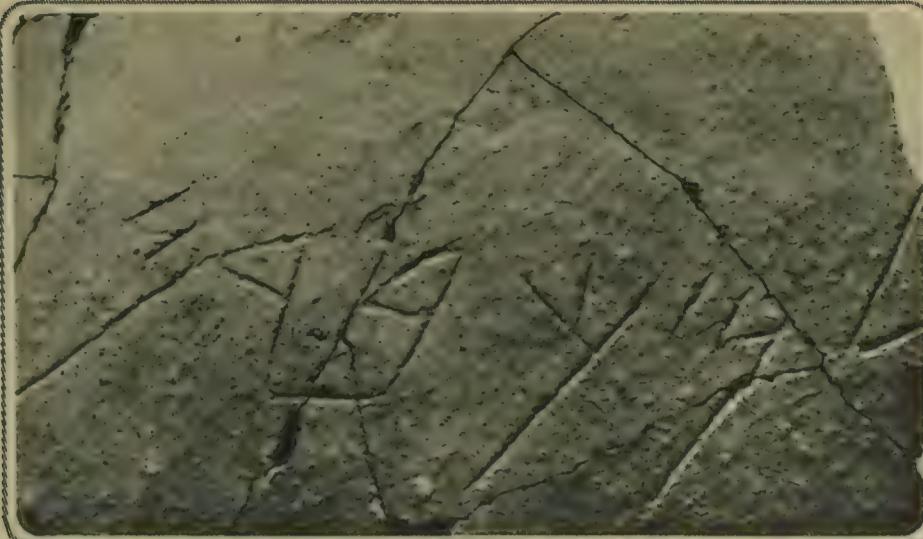


FIG. 10. THE FIRST HEBREW INSCRIPTION OF THE TIMES OF THE KINGS OF ISRAEL TO BE FOUND IN GALILEE. ENGRAVED ON A JAR IT READS "LMKBRM" —I.E., "BELONGING TO MAKH BIRAM"—AND DATING FROM 786-746 B.C.

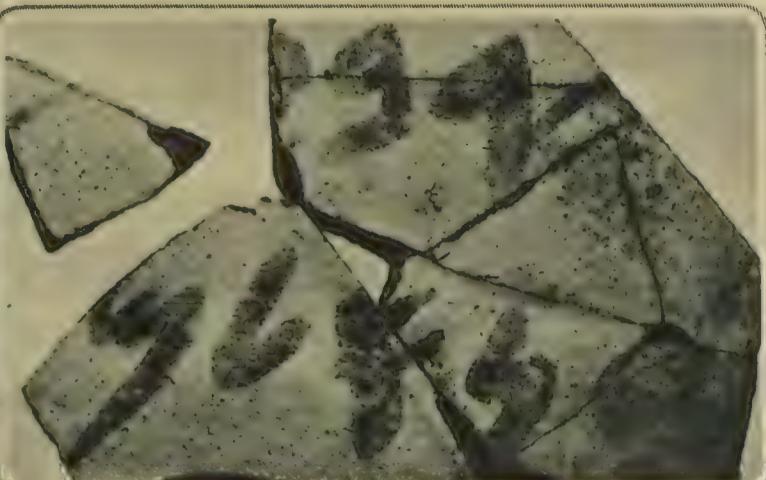


FIG. 11. FOUND IN THE SAME HOUSE AS FIG. 10: AN INCOMPLETE INSCRIPTION PAINTED ON A JAR, WHICH CAN BE READ AS "JEROBOAM, THE SON OF ELMATAN OR ELIMELEKH."



FIG. 12. A SMALL FIGURINE OF A "HOLY PROSTITUTE" OF THE ISRAELITE PERIOD OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN AREA A.



FIG. 13. SOUNDING AGAIN AFTER 29 CENTURIES: ONE OF THE WORKERS AT HAZOR BLOWING A TRUMPET, MADE IN THE 9TH CENTURY, B.C. FROM A RED SEA CONCH.



FIG. 14. THE THREE ASPECTS OF THE IVORY COSMETIC PALETTE: (LEFT) REVERSE WITH WOMAN'S FACE: (RIGHT) OBVERSE, WITH TREE OF LIFE.

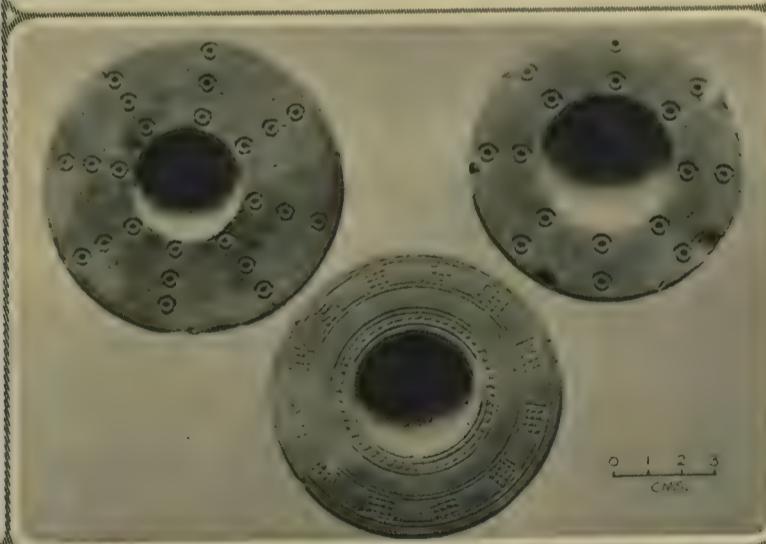
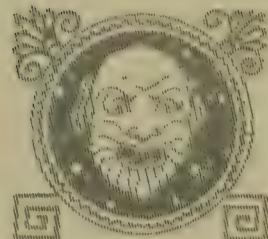


FIG. 15. DATING FROM THE ISRAELITE PERIOD, 9TH-8TH CENTURIES B.C.: THREE COSMETIC PALETTES OF THE LOCAL MARBLE.

Continued. At some places only the foundations below the floor level were visible. What a lively evidence of the method of destruction described so vividly by the Psalmist: "Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof" (137, 7). The type of pottery scattered all over the floors—and other considerations—indicated quite plainly that we were looking at the remains of the destruction wrought by Tiglath Pileser III, in 732 B.C.E.—a tragic illustration to the laconic Biblical description of this event: "In the days of Pekah King of Israel came Tiglath Pileser, King of Assyria, and took . . . and Hazor . . . and carried them captive to Assyria" (II, Kings XV, 29). A brief inscription on one of the wine jars (Fig. 8) discovered in the citadel added a somewhat intimate touch to the already highly dramatic site: LPQH—i.e., "for Pekah." The kind of the wine was indicated too: SMDR—i.e., "Semadar." This word occurs three times in the Bible: all three in the Song of Songs. The word is translated as "tender grape." "The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell" (Song of Songs II, 13). The occurrence of

the word Semadar on the jar will serve as a starting point for a fresh study of its exact meaning. From the many interesting pieces of pottery and other objects found in this area, we should like to mention the discovery of a "cult incense ladle" (Fig. 6), made of local marble and bearing a beautifully-carved palm on its back, its fingers grasping the "cup" of the ladle. One should bear in mind that the Hebrew word for a spoon or ladle is "palm." All the above discoveries were made in the débris of the last phase of occupation of the citadel, belonging to the days of Pekah, King of Israel. We found ample evidence, however, that the citadel was built several scores of years earlier, probably in the times of King Ahab, when the big building with the pillars, in area A, was built, too. In the citadel we also found evidence of a big earthquake; at a certain period (probably that of Jeroboam II) a big wall was added further to protect the city, a wall which was built through the northern part of the living-quarters annexe. (A second article will appear in a forthcoming issue.)



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

GREAT NOVELS, GOOD FILMS.

By PETER FORSTER.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S opinion of "War and Peace" as "the greatest novel ever written" is now being echoed on the hoardings of London in advertisements for the new attempt to film Tolstoy's masterpiece. Vast sums of money, a huge cast and two years of work went to the making of this film, and if the result is not the greatest ever made, it seems to me none the less a quite magnificent and thrilling achievement. The playing time is close on three and a half hours—far too long, of course, unless the film-makers can justify such length in terms of interest held and boredom avoided. My own endorsement of their daring may be gathered from the fact that although I have no taste for cinematic marathons, and indeed can seldom bring myself to see any film a second time, I would willingly have sat again through the first part of "War and Peace" the very next day.

This film seems to me to have been unfairly faulted on various grounds. It is reproached for being but a "version" of Tolstoy's book. Yet we who read the book in English are likewise getting only a version; criticism on this basis reduces to the absurdity demonstrated in a favourite story told by Alan Dent (progressing well, by the way) of the purist who detected him laughing at an English performance of Aristophanes and loftily assured him that it was far funnier in the original Greek! Obviously a film of a book is a hybrid genre, debarred by its nature from the ultimate accolade of greatness. But it really will not do to accuse King Vidor and his associates (as some have done) of failing to pack in all the novel, and at the same time of having followed the novel so closely that they failed to remake it as a film in its own right.

And in fact, though many of Tolstoy's seventy-odd characters have perforce had to be omitted, the film does pretty well by those parts of the story on which it chooses to concentrate. I read "War and Peace" eleven years ago during a brief, miserable spell in the Navy. It passed the time during classes destined to make me into a clerk; while the petty officer was taking us through King's Regulations and Admiralty Fleet Orders, I at the back of the room was following Napoleon across Russia, and hoping that Natasha would find her Andrey again. I was surprised to find how vividly the film brought back my recollections of the book.

The acting is uneven, but it scores at least one palpable hit with Audrey Hepburn's Natasha

Bezukhov, yet by sheer brilliant acting contrives to give a very fair impression of the large, lovable, puzzled man, peering out at the world through the blurring vision of his idealism.

It is also said that the film starts too slowly. But, if I may again intrude a personal note, I happen at present to be engaged on a novel of

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



AUDREY HEPBURN AS NATASHA IN THE PONTI-DELAURENTIS PRODUCTION OF "WAR AND PEACE."

In making his choice Mr. Peter Forster writes: "Some two and a half years ago, I went to the pre-Press showing of a film called 'Roman Holiday' at a tiny private cinema in Wardour Street, largely because it was a cold, grey afternoon and the film was directed by William Wyler. I came away with amazed delight, convinced that a new girl named Audrey Hepburn had it in her to become the best actress of her kind since Marie Tempest. Since then Miss Hepburn has become a major star on the strength of only three films; the most recent, 'War and Peace,' now establishes her as a comedienne of undimmed appeal, and as a maturing actress with light but true and remarkable pathos. With her immense, expressive eyes, slow half-husky voice, and ability to be both gracious and gamine, she is this epic film's most distinct acting success. One day she must play a heroine who, like herself, is 'more than common tall': Rosalind."

consider to be as fine a creation as any in the book, goes for very little. But the balance is on the credit side.

Whilst in the matter of pictorial beauty, the film is about as impressive as any I have seen. Time and again, the cameramen—Jack Cardiff and Aldo Tonti—have composed shots of astonishing loveliness. There is in particular a snow-vista at dawn when Pierre is to duel with Dolokhov which haunts me yet. The battle scenes, of Borodino and Berezina, are the first to have made at least one spectator really understand what a battle was like 150 years ago; no prose can bring the scene more vividly to life than these awe-inspiring pictures of French cavalry charging the Russian guns at Borodino, or of the broken Grand Army retreating through the snow. Nothing so spectacular has been filmed since the famous Babylonian sequences in D. W. Griffiths's "Intolerance." A cliché compliment much favoured by publicists is "larger than life." But the real testimonial is surely to say that a work is as large as life, and "War and Peace" is that.

Another great novel has been made into a very good film, Melville's "Moby Dick." Here let me confess at once that I am of that abject minority who have not read the book; indeed, I have been deeply impressed by the knowledge of whaling displayed by most critics, several of whom would seem to have been born with silver harpoons in their mouths.

John Huston is a fine director of legendary thoroughness, and word had come across the Atlantic that here was his masterpiece. Certainly he achieves one startlingly original effect with the quality of the film's colour, which (through, I gather, developing the negative in both black-and-white and colour processes) gives a wan and faded hue exactly matching the quality and spirit of old whaling prints.

But when it came to the story of Captain Ahab's obsessive determination to kill the white whale, Moby Dick, which had bitten off his leg, I found that Mr. Huston's very ingenuity defeated its own purpose; his brilliance boomeranged. I was never in the least moved during the last terrible duel between Ahab and the whale for the simple reason that one knew this could not be a real whale, and the mind was thus stirred to admiration for the contrivance rather than appalled by the actuality. Equally during the scenes involving real whales, one was not overwhelmed with reality from the point of view of

rather monstrous length (for which the title "Forever Forster" has been suggested), and can therefore testify that the plain technical problem of establishing a large number of characters demands a certain initial slowness. And in its massive gradual way, the film does succeed in making real for the audience a far larger number of subsidiary characters than most films attempt—General Kutuzov, Russia's Fabius Cunctator (Oscar Homolka), the daredevil Dolokhov (Helmut Dantine), the ramrod Prince Bolkonsky (Wilfred Lawson), and Anatol Kuragin, the young rake who ruins Natasha (Vittorio Gassman), all make incisive, individual contributions. There are failures: John Mills's Platon Karatsev brings an incongruous breath of Sussex into the Steppes, and Maria Bolkonsky (Anna Maria Ferrero), whom some critics



"AWE-INSPIRING PICTURES . . . OF THE BROKEN GRAND ARMY RETREATING THROUGH THE SNOW": A SCENE FROM "WAR AND PEACE," THE FILM RENDERING OF TOLSTOY'S GREAT NOVEL, WHICH HAS BEEN DIRECTED BY KING VIDOR. IT PLAYS FOR NEARLY 3½ HOURS. (LONDON PREMIERE: PLAZA THEATRE, NOVEMBER 16.)

Rostov. The book's epilogue, in which Natasha settles down into a managing *hausfrau*, has wisely been omitted, for it is not within the actress's compass, but as the romantic, heart-ruled girl maturing into a woman, she could hardly be more touchingly played. As Prince Andrey, that most attractive of Tolstoy's partial self-portraits, Mel Ferrer looks well but is too light and unvaried in voice. In contrast, Henry Fonda is quite unable to impersonate the giant, lumbering physique of Pierre



"THE FILM DOES SUCCEED IN MAKING REAL FOR THE AUDIENCE A FAR LARGER NUMBER OF SUBSIDIARY CHARACTERS THAN MOST FILMS ATTEMPT": "WAR AND PEACE," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH ANATOL KURAGIN (VITTORIO GASSMAN) TRIES TO PERSUADE NATASHA (AUDREY HEPBURN) TO ELOPE WITH HIM.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE FASTEST GUN ALIVE" (General Release, December 10).—Glen Ford as a reformed gunman who one day has to prove that he is quicker on the draw than Broderick Crawford.

"LOSER TAKE ALL" (General Release, January 14).—Vulgar little anecdote by Graham Greene about honeymoon tiffs between Rossano Brazzi and Glynis Johns, partly redeemed by photography of Monte Carlo.

"THAT CERTAIN FEELING" (General Release, December 24).—Though less ebullient than usual, Bob Hope still yields a wisecrack with unmatched precision in this uneven comedy about a cartoonist's understudy.

the story, but simply filled with amazement that Mr. Huston had manœuvred his camera with such extraordinary skill. I am on the edge here of all the old arguments about realism; enough, then, to observe that whereas the battle scenes in "War and Peace" convinced me utterly, "Moby Dick" never involved me at all. To which, in connection with the latter film, it must be added that Gregory Peck's Ahab seemed to me very fine in a deep, dark, brooding way.

FARMING BY AIR: THE WORLD'S FIRST AGRICULTURAL AVIATION SHOW.



BY CAR TO AN AIR SHOW IN NEW ZEALAND: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FIRST AGRICULTURAL AVIATION SHOW HELD NEAR PALMERSTON NORTH, NORTH ISLAND, ON NOVEMBER 9.

THE two-day Agricultural Aviation Show held near Palmerston North, North Island, New Zealand, on November 9 and 10, was the first of its kind. It was timed to coincide with the World Grassland Congress, which was held this year in New Zealand. In the wide tracts of hill farmland being opened up in New Zealand constant use is made of aircraft to clear and develop the land. Since the end of the war New Zealand, faced with the need for rapid extension of her pastureland, has been to the fore in experimenting in and developing methods of aerial farming. The show at Palmerston North gave an overall picture of the magnificent results of this work and included demonstrations of the many ways in which aircraft can be used by the

[Continued below.]



DROPPING FENCING MATERIALS ON A HILLSIDE: A DE HAVILLAND BEAVER AIRCRAFT GIVING A DEMONSTRATION DURING THE SHOW.



HAY BALES GONE: A CESSNA AIRCRAFT DEMONSTRATING ANOTHER OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH THE FARMER CAN USE AIR DISTRIBUTION.



TOP-DRESSING BY AIR: ONE OF THE MOST WIDESPREAD FORMS OF AERIAL FARMING BEING DEMONSTRATED BY A DE HAVILLAND BEAVER.

[Continued.] farmer. A number of these are illustrated on this page. Though farming by air is expensive, it does help to overcome the great labour shortage which faces the New Zealand farmer. Many former wartime pilots are working in the companies which have been formed to hire out aircraft to farmers—



SPRAYING BROOM WITH CHEMICAL WEEDKILLER: A HILLER 12B HELICOPTER GIVING A DEMONSTRATION AT THIS UNIQUE AIR SHOW.

for only a few run their own aircraft. An important feature of nearly every hill farm in New Zealand is the airstrip. Since 1949 a million tons of top-dressing have been dropped by air. This is good evidence of the widespread popularity of this revolutionary method of farming.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE are assured that some large and memorable adventures may involve a certain tedium while they are going on. This can also be true in literature; and I won't deny that "Freedom and Death," by Nikos Kazantzakis (Cassirer; 18s.), struck me as something of an example. It is the epic presentation of an epic society: the peasant-heroes of Crete, rising from generation to generation, and indeed oftener, in bloody and hopeless revolt against the Turks. Here, we are working up to the revolt of 1889. And the central figure, typifying and at points overbidding the island elite of heroes, palikares or "wild beasts"—these terms seem to be interchangeable—is Captain Michales, known with terror and veneration as "Captain Wildboar." In some of the palikares there is some gaiety, or, at least, a colossal *joie de vivre*; if they survive their "Turk-gobbling," the drill is for them to live a hundred years, propagate armies of great-grandchildren and become apparent demigods—like Michales' father, who has an unquenchable thirst for living, and is also said to be a benign old man. But in general, their morals are as savage as their resistance. Captain Michales is not only a gobbler of Turks, but a revered incubus in the home. Like other outstanding palikares, he has a ferocious puritanism; he forbids all talk of women, and when his daughter reached the age of thirteen he ordered her never to come in his sight again. He is always fell, glum and of few words. By way of release, he collects a group of parasites twice a year for an eight-day drinking-party, at which eggs have to be eaten with the shells and egg-cups. However, he does not enjoy drinking. His heart remains a "cave of dark spectres"; and he has a suspicion that it would be no lighter if Crete were free.

One can't talk of a plot. Simply, revolt is at hand, it will be suppressed, Michales will not survive. True, there are elements of romance, like his blood-brotherhood with the Turk Nuri Bey, and his instantaneous and shameful obsession with Nuri's wife. But these are deadened by the inflexibility of the characters, and swallowed up in the *milieu*. For while the theme must be called monotonous, the background is rich, exuberant and extraordinary; it is a whole new-old world, jostling with exotic and grotesque figures, and steeped in myth and poetry. The tone can't be conveyed, but has a strongly Russian flavour; I mean old-Russian, of course.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Dark of Summer," by Eric Linklater (Cape; 15s.), offers a reasonably heroic, yet (I must say) very agreeable transition—though it is hardly the author's best work. The tale itself proves to be a repository of bits and pieces. First, we have an enchanting vision of Shetland under the "summer dim"—the strange dusk of midnight; and, indeed, Shetland is the heart of the story. There the half-mad laird Mungo Wishart has been chewing over the vileness of the age, the iniquities of his country and the ancient and squalid mystery of the "Wishart Inheritance" (recounted at length), and perhaps involving himself with Quisling. Tony, a professional soldier, gets to him by way of a security problem in the Faeroes, and through a monstrous storm, and he is crossed out forthwith. Then Shetland becomes the seat of the happy ending: not forthwith, but after a military detour through North Africa, Italy and Korea. One can say the bits are linked up: and with more assurance, that their "lesson" is to maintain traditional loyalties and compassion, and to "live forward." Every scene is lively; the bits of northern landscape are spell-binding.

"The Very Man," by Stanley Kauffmann (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), is the smoothly-handled, pleasingly romantic story of an American industrial designer who has revolted from his aristocratic forbears and made a religion of "living in the century." He is now a cool, mundane success, coolly happy with a cool beauty. And then he falls in love with his secretary. Enough to stop being married, and follow her to New York; but not quite enough to commit himself. For Del is clumsy and overstrung; she wants too much; she can't bear him to accept a fine job, which would also be a revenge. . . . Nice, sophisticated middle-brow, especially signalised by the flow of chat, witty or witty-seeming.

"Saving Face," by Pierre Boule (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), though not precisely a thriller, makes an inspiring substitute. Jean Berthier, Public Prosecutor of Bergerane, in Provence, is a man of intense rectitude, horrified by crime, and obsessed with face. And now a young working girl disappears. However, it was an accident. Berthier saw it happen; but as his nerve failed at the pinch, he couldn't let on. He can't now, for the same reason. Nor can he abstain from pushing the charge, for then he would be misunderstood and despised. . . . M. Boule specialises in human paradox, and this tale is more like a satirical theorem (very lively) than a real crime story. But it has one blindingly ironic and shocking moment—when Vauban, having "confessed," has to take part in the "reconstruction." K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY AND CHILD PORTRAITURE.

JOHN RUSKIN, as I have written before, has never been one of my favourite authors or favourite literary figures. He was a prig, and in his treatment of his wife, worse than a prig. His style is not one that attracts me. Nevertheless, I found "The Diaries of John Ruskin—1835-1847," selected and edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse (Oxford University Press; 70s.), agreeable and interesting reading. This is the first of three volumes, based on the original manuscript acquired some quarter of a century ago by the late Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, and supplemented by later discoveries, such as those in the Yale University library. Ruskin was unusually introspective, and it appears that some of his diaries, notably

the one he called "The Book of Pain," were burnt by him towards the end of his life as being too revealing of his personality, and of the matters which tortured him. His first actual diary was written in 1830, when he was a boy of eleven, and was making a tour of the Lake District with his parents and a young girl cousin. The two children wrote this diary jointly. The first of this main series of diaries begins, however, five years later, in June 1835, and shows the sixteen-year-old boy as already a remarkably clear observer, not merely of nature but of its geological formations. For those who know their Switzerland and Austria, this diary will prove of considerable interest. I think that Sir Arnold Lunn somewhere describes Ruskin as being the first true lover of the majesty of the high Alps, and Ruskin's descriptions contained in his note-books fully bear this out. The 1841 diary, which begins with Ruskin's journeys with his parents in Italy, contains passages which almost suggest the existence of a sense of humour. I liked, for example, his description of the Italian style of preaching (Ruskin, in spite of his upbringing, was much impressed by the ceremonies of the Roman church), and found charming the incident "at a preaching in the Colosseum" when the monk was preaching against thieving. Alluding to the thief of Calvary, he exclaimed: "He stole; he went on stealing; but, at last, he stole Paradise!" I recommend this revealing book, not least for Ruskin's own illustrations.

Ruskin must be regarded as a leader of the heroes and heroines of "The Golden Ring—The Anglo-Florentines 1847-1862," by Giuliana Artom Treves (Longmans; 21s.). What a wonderful collection they were! Walter Savage Landor, W. W. Story, the Brownings and the Trollopes. They descended on Florence, as one of them describes it, in the following way: "We travelled *à la Milor' Anglais*, a partie carrière . . . in short, surrounded with all that could render us entirely independent of the amusements we had come to seek and the people we had come to visit." They descended, too, on the Grand Duke Leopold II, an ass, but a pleasant ass, whose receptions at the Palazzo Pitti were a source of amiable disinterestedness on the part of the hosts, and disgraceful predatory behaviour on the part of the guests. The hospitality of the Grand Duke and his administration must, from time to time, have been strained. There was, for example, Walter Savage Landor, whose capacity for picking quarrels with everybody must surely have been unmatched by any contemporary Englishman. He was abominably rude to the Governor of Lombardy; he quarrelled with the representatives of his own country, complaining direct to London of "the kind of scoundrels who are employed in the Foreign Service." He was involved in interminable law suits with the Secretary of the French Legation, and endeared himself to the British representative by signing a letter: "You by a Minister's favour are Marquess of Normanby. I, by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor." The local Tuscans regarded the "Milords Anglais" with amused, and, indeed, admiring tolerance. Indeed, I might almost have chosen for Signora Treves, as an alternative title for her book, the chapter heading: "All Mad . . ." This arose from one of Landor's stories which he used to tell against himself (accompanied by gusts of thunderous laughter) as to how he heard two peasants remarking as he passed: "The English are all mad, but as for this one . . .!" A delightful book, and a sad commentary on the change in a century when the English could afford the virtues of eccentricity instead

of being unable to afford the vices of dull virtue in international affairs.

"To Meet Mr. Ellis," by Vicars Bell (Faber; 15s.), is a delightful picture of Little Gaddesden in the eighteenth century, and an admirable footnote to such other sidelights on the English way of life in the eighteenth century as, for example, the "Torrington Diaries." The English villager appears at his robust eighteenth-century best. Another unusual and wholly delightful book is "Child Portraiture—From Bellini to Cézanne," by F. M. Godfrey (Studio; 42s.). It is quite impossible to convey in words the charm of these illustrations. El Greco's "Boy Blowing on a Charcoal," Velazquez' little Infanta, Murillo's peasant boy, Lépicié's naughty little rascal entitled "The Little Draughtsman," Whistler's "Miss Cecily Alexander," and even Gauguin's "Breton Bathers," each in their way give a taste of the quality of this book. E. D. O'BRIEN.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

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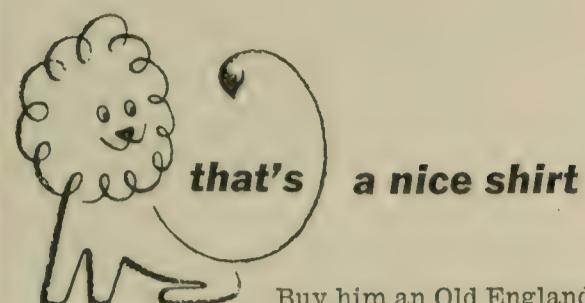
NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

For David A TAFACHEX in a variety of neat checks and colourings, with soft collar attached. 32/9. (TAFACHEX material incorporates Celafibre, a product of British Celanese Ltd.)



Buy him an Old England shirt
for Christmas—but keep
him away from the mistletoe!

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Note for men only If she doesn't buy you an Old England, well, you can buy one yourself, can't you? The man in the picture is wearing an Old England ROYAL with Bondweave collar attached, which will outwear three ordinary collars. In white and plain colours, with soft single cuffs (32/9) or Bondweave double cuffs (35/-).

Old England shirts

Other gift suggestions: Old England worsted ties in plain colours 6/6d—the debonair type above is wearing one; handkerchiefs and scarves in Christmas packs, and pyjamas.



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For Philip A TAFATEX—plain colours and heather mixture shades with soft collar attached. 27/6. (TAFATEX material incorporates Celafibre, a product of British Celanese Ltd.)





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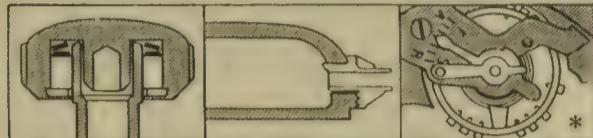
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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—FACEL-VEGA SALOON.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

ALTHOUGH the Facel-Vega is not available in Great Britain many readers will be interested in it by reason of its unusual character and performance. It is manufactured by Facel S.A., of Paris, primarily for the American market, and it combines the virtues of the large, quiet-running, and powerful American V-Eight engine with the superlative road-holding and handling qualities of the best practice in European chassis design.

It also combines performance and luxury in an extraordinary manner, for it is capable of a maximum speed of 126 m.p.h. and, at the same time, it is not a light and somewhat austere super-sports or racing car, but a very comfortable saloon with de luxe equipment. This includes not only heating and ventilation systems but also radio, with an electrically-operated aerial, door windows controlled electrically, screen-washer, cigarette-lighter, revolution counter, two fog lamps and, of course, the usual instruments.

In appearance the Facel-Vega is very distinctive, being essentially modern in line and combining the best features of Continental and American styling. There are two models, the F.V.S. two-door saloon with close-coupled seating for four, and the *Excellence* four-door pillarless saloon to seat five. The car tested over 600 miles between Paris and Dijon, mostly on N.6, was the two-door model with a wheelbase of 8 ft. 7 ins. Its price in France is 3,000,000 francs. The *Excellence* has a longer wheelbase, 10 ft. 2 ins., but otherwise is to a similar specification.

The specially developed Chrysler *Typhoon* V-Eight engine of 5.4-litres capacity has an output of 250 b.h.p., and combined with it as a unit are a Borg and Beck single-plate clutch and a four-speed Pont-à-Mousson gear-box. The unit is mounted in a tubular steel chassis of great strength and rigidity.

An open propeller shaft and an hypoid bevel Salisbury rear axle complete the transmission. Front springing is independent by coil springs and rearwardly inclined wishbone links, and incorporates an anti-roll bar. Rear springs are orthodox semi-elliptics. Direct-acting telescopic hydro-pneumatic dampers control both front and rear suspensions.

Steering is by cam and roller, with a three-piece track rod, and the two-spoked steering wheel is considerably dished. Brakes are hydraulic with a vacuum servo to aid the driver.

A feature of the construction is that the all-steel body is integrated to the chassis by welding. The resulting structure is very rigid but not particularly light, because the car weighs just over 31 cwt. Even so it has a power-weight ratio of 160 b.h.p. per ton, and accordingly is capable of very rapid acceleration.

Indeed, on first and second gears some restraint with the throttle pedal is necessary to avoid wheel spin. Typical acceleration figures from rest are: to 50 m.p.h. in 7.3 secs., to 75 m.p.h. in 14.4 secs. and to 100 m.p.h. in 24 secs.

It might be imagined that with so much power available the car would be somewhat difficult to handle. This is far from being the case, and, indeed, the fact that I took it over at the height of the Paris traffic rush-hour was a good test of its docility. Despite a clutch pedal that calls for rather more than the normal effort to depress it, the smoothness of the clutch action leaves nothing to be desired. Also the flexibility of the powerful engine is such that the car can be driven in traffic on the high top gear ratio of 2.93 to 1 without any loss of smoothness, and with no sign of transmission snatch.

On the open road the swift acceleration at one's command makes the overtaking of other vehicles a simple and safe process. Even on top the acceleration is of a high order, so that the driver need not have constant recourse to the gears. The provision of synchromesh mechanism for all four forward ratios, however, removes any difficulty from gear-changing, so that, when occasion demands, a drop into a lower gear and a touch of the accelerator will take the car past an obstruction with startling rapidity. Moreover, second gear may be held until the speed is well past the 60 m.p.h. figure, and on third the maximum speed possible is little short of 100 m.p.h.

With so much power in reserve there is little or no need to change down for a gradient, but with a gear-box that is not only a delight to handle but also unusually quiet the type of driver to whom the Facel-Vega particularly appeals will naturally use the gears to obtain the best performance. On the other hand, if he be in lazy mood he can rely almost entirely on top and third, apart from actually starting from rest, and, even so, will be astonished at the average speed resulting at the end of a day's run.

For example, leaving Dijon at 4 p.m. and travelling by way of Avallon, Auxerre, Joigny, Sens and Montereau, stopping once for petrol, I found myself entering Melun at 7 p.m. As the distance is approximately 172 miles the average speed for the journey was a shade over 57 m.p.h. This gives some idea of the car's capabilities, especially when it is considered that I did not attempt to make a particularly fast run and merely drove according to road conditions, with consideration for other road users and for speed limits, which have this year been rigidly enforced by the French authorities. Much of this route is straight and wide, and allows such a car to cruise comfortably at 100 m.p.h. Indeed, over a particularly good stretch of 17 miles the average speed was 91.5 m.p.h.

Obviously the mere fact that such a rate of travel is possible is testimony in itself to the excellent road holding given by a well-designed suspension system, a rigid chassis and first-class handling characteristics. The steering is light and accurate, without any tendency to oversteer, and the brakes proved quite adequate and very consistent, there being no fading or "rumble" even when reducing speed from three figures.

Apart from the sheer exhilaration and enjoyment that the handling of so much docile power affords, the manner in which the performance is given is most impressive. Even at 4000 r.p.m. or more the engine remains unobtrusive, and with the windows closed there is very little wind noise. The curved screen, which wraps round beyond the door

hinge line, gives excellent visibility over the low bonnet top, and the driver sees both wings and can tell to a nicety his position on the road.

Driving comfort also is of a high order, for the separate front seats are independently adjustable and, although comfortably upholstered, keep the driver nicely located. Centre folding armrests to both front seats help towards this desirable end.

Instruments and controls are also well placed, the short and rigid gear lever projecting at an angle from the central tunnel, with the handbrake lever close to it, both being conveniently located for right-hand operation, the car having a left-hand drive. The speedometer and revolution counter are in front of the driver, with subsidiary dials for petrol, water temperature, clock, ammeter and oil pressure centrally grouped.

Switches for the door windows are mounted in the garnish rail on each door, the driver having an over-riding switch for the passenger's window. Compartments for maps and small articles are formed in the doors, and tools are neatly housed in a tray in the boot. Luggage space is generous, and the rear squab folds down to take additional luggage when the seat is not required.

MOTORING NOTES

Arrangements have been made at the Coventry factory of the Dunlop Rim and Wheel Co. Ltd. to manufacture the recently developed production car disc brake which has all the main features of the very successful racing brake.

A new and larger Port Office has been opened by the A.A. at Southampton Docks because of the considerable increase in cars passing through the port. This year 3500 shipments to and from the Continent have been handled as well as over 2000 for transatlantic visitors.

Claimed to be the most modern battery supply and service depot in Great Britain, the new Midlands headquarters of Chloride Battery Ltd. has recently been opened at Colliery Road, West Bromwich, Staffs, in a single-storey building of 30,000 sq. ft. floor area.

For the summer of 1957 the French Railways will introduce a car-sleeper service between Boulogne and Lyon. This will avoid 900 miles of motoring on a return journey to Southern France or Central Europe. Passengers will be provided with couchettes or *wagon-lit* berths, and the cars will be transported on specially designed double-decker open trucks. The service is scheduled to run three times a week in each direction. The return fare for a car and two passengers will be from £28, upwards, according to the overall length of the car and the type of sleeping berth.



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Gordon's
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DECEMBER

The Custom of the Country

THE BRITISH have never shown any marked talent for conspiracy. The nationwide plot, whose object is to perpetuate a belief in Father Christmas, is conducted in most households in a manner at once dogged and half-hearted. Modern methods of heating render more implausible than ever his traditional means of ingress; modern child-psychology harps on the dangers of too much make-believe. Yet we persist in going through the motions of this annual hoax, and would think of ourselves as traitors to tradition if we failed to do so. We do not, it is true, exert ourselves unduly to make Santa Claus seem real to his beneficiaries; and perhaps that is why we detect in their acceptance of him a corresponding hint of the perfunctory. They are not exactly sceptical but they often seem rather incurious. Considering how interested they were when we told them there was a mouse in the bread-bin, they appear oddly indifferent to the announcement that there are reindeer on the roof. Never mind. Father Christmas has done his stuff, and so have we; now they are doing theirs in (as far as we can remember) very much the same way that it was done, years and years ago, in our own nursery.



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What is ?
I can't remember
how it goes on.
Nor can I.
It always makes me
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Mmm... was it
SEAGERS ?
No. Still, talking of
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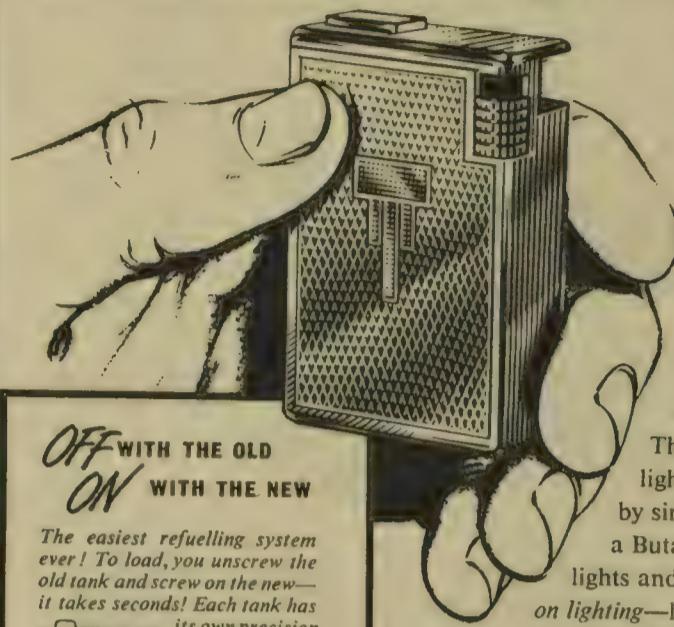


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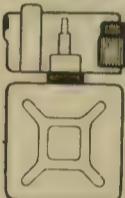
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